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# BETWEEN TWO FOES

BY

FORBES HEERMANS



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# BETWEEN TWO FOES

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## An Original War Drama

*IN FOUR ACTS*

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BY

FORBES HEERMANS

Author of "Down the Black Cañon," "Love by Induction,"  
"The Vagabond," etc.

Together with a description of the costumes, cast of the  
characters, entrances and exits, and all of the  
stage business

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Philadelphia  
The Penn Publishing Company  
1901

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# ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

CONGREVE.

Gen. res. 15 Nov. 44 Franklin



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# Between Two Foes

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

COLONEL ALLAN HASTINGS, U. S. A., *on Gen. Douglas's staff.*

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN DOUGLAS, *commanding 2d Div. 5th Corps, U. S. A.*

MAJOR ROBERT STANLEY, *21st Massachusetts Cavalry.*

COLONEL RICHARD CURTIS, *of the Confederate Army.*

COLONEL WHITNEY, *Ass't. Adj't. Gen. on Gen. Douglas's staff.*

GEORGE FLEMING, M. D., *Medical Director on Gen. Douglas's staff.* (May be doubled by Col. Whitney.)

CAPTAIN MERRILL, *Aide-de-camp on Gen. Douglas's staff.*

CAPTAIN THORPE, *Aide-de-camp on Gen. Grant's staff.*

REV. HENRY ARNOLD, D. D., *an old Virginia clergyman.*

CAPTAIN MILES, *5th Georgia Cavalry, C. S. A.* (May be doubled by Gen. Douglas.)

CAPTAIN BROWN, *Provost Marshal 5th Corps, U. S. A.* (May be doubled by Major Stanley.)

SERGEANT THAYER, *5th Georgia Cavalry, C. S. A.*

CORPORAL WHITE, U. S. A. (May be doubled by Sergeant Thayer.)

ORDERLY BAKER, U. S. A.

FRANK JOHNSON, *a Union Scout.* (May be doubled by Orderly Baker.)

CRANE, *a Union Telegraph Operator.*

AGNES CURTIS HASTINGS, *a Virginian; wife of Colonel Hastings.*

KATE CURTIS, *a younger sister of Agnes.*

RICHARD CURTIS HASTINGS, *Agnes's child, aged about three years.* (Not a speaking part.)

In addition to the above there are a number of non-speaking parts, consisting of officers of Gen. Douglas's staff and command; Union and Confederate soldiers; military band, fifes and drums, etc. All chiefly necessary for forming the various tableaux and groups.

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TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours and fifteen minutes,

## SYNOPSIS

### ACT I.

In Washington. October, 1861. "A woman scorned."

### ACT II.

In Virginia. April 8th, 1865. Three years and six months elapse. "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned."

### ACT III.

Encampment of General Douglas's command. April 9th, 1865. The day of Lee's surrender. "Nothing but death can wipe out the past." Too late!

### ACT IV.

The grand hall in the old Curtis mansion. The next day. The end of the war.



## COSTUMES

### COLONEL ALLAN HASTINGS.

An officer in the United States Army. Age, Act I., about 30 years. ACT I.—Full dress uniform of a staff captain. ACT II.—The very ragged and muddy field uniform of a colonel. ACT III.—Same as Act II. ACT IV.—A nearly new field uniform of a colonel.

### MAJOR-GENERAL DOUGLAS.

An officer in the United States Army. Age, Act I., about 55 years. A handsome, white-haired and white-moustached, rosy-faced man ; sharp, abrupt manner, but kind hearted. ACT I.—Full dress uniform of a major-general. ACT III.—Field uniform of a major-general ; riding boots, sword, and overcoat. ACT IV.—Same dress, but without riding boots or overcoat.

### MAJOR ROBERT STANLEY.

A young officer of the 21st Massachusetts Cavalry. Age, Act I., about 21 years. He is slender and youthful looking ; has a lisp or drawl, which disappears partly. Also, at first, a general appearance of effeminacy. ACT I.—Full dress uniform of a lieutenant of cavalry, with sabre. ACT II.—Field uniform of a major of cavalry, muddy and worn. ACT IV.—First part.—Same dress as in Act II. Second part.—A new field uniform of a major.

### COLONEL RICHARD CURTIS.

An officer in the Confederate Army. Brother of Agnes and Kitty. Age, Act I., about 30 years. ACT I.—A cheap suit of plain clothes, slouch hat and false beard. ACT III.—Trousers of Confederate gray ; white linen shirt and collar, but no coat, waistcoat, or cap. ACT IV.—Field uniform of a Confederate colonel, in good condition.

### COLONEL WHITNEY.

An officer on Gen. Douglas's staff. Age, Act I., about 25 years. ACT I.—Full dress uniform of a staff

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

captain. ACT III.—Field uniform of a colonel, with overcoat, boots and sword.

### CAPTAIN MERRILL.

An aide-de-camp on Gen. Douglas's staff. Age, about 26 years. Field uniform of a staff captain; riding boots, sword; no overcoat. Muddy.

### CAPTAIN THORPE.

An aide-de-camp on Gen. Grant's staff. Age, about 30 years. ACT III.—Field uniform of a staff captain. Overcoat, riding boots; all very muddy.

### GEORGE FLEMING, M. D.

Medical Director on Gen. Douglas's staff. Age, about 50 years. ACT IV.—The field uniform of a surgeon of his rank.

### CAPTAIN MILES.

An officer of the 5th Georgia Cavalry, C. S. A. Age, about 25 years. ACT II.—Field uniform of a Confederate captain of cavalry, with boots, overcoat and sabre. All very much worn and muddy.

### CAPTAIN BROWN.

Acting Provost Marshal, U. S. A. Age, about 30 years. ACT III.—Undress uniform of an infantry captain, with side arms. All in good condition.

### SERGEANT THAYER.

Of the 5th Georgia Cavalry, C. S. A. Age, about 35 years. ACT II.—Uniform of a Confederate sergeant of cavalry; muddy and worn. Overcoat, boots, sabre and carbine.

### CORPORAL WHITE.

A corporal of infantry, U. S. A. Age, about 25 years. ACT III.—Field uniform of a corporal of infantry, in good condition. Musket and all accoutrements. No overcoat.

### ORDERLY BAKER.

General Douglas's orderly. Age, about 40 years. Very stiff and military in his bearing. For all acts, the uniform of an orderly private.

### FRANK JOHNSON.

A Union scout. A tall, lank, round-shouldered man of 40 years. Got up to look like a Southerner. ACT

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

III.—A ragged suit, half civilian, half Confederate private.

CRANE.

Telegraph operator, U. S. A. Age, 25 years. ACT III.—The uniform of a private of infantry. Overcoat, but no accoutrements.

UNION SENTRY.

A private of infantry. All acts: Regulation uniform of a private, with overcoat musket and all accoutrements except knapsack.

REV. HENRY ARNOLD, D. D.

An old Virginia clergyman. Age, about 55 or 60 years. White hair, smoothly shaven face. A simple, kindly, lovable old man, the uncle of Richard Curtis, Agnes and Kitty. ACTS II., III. and IV.—A suit of rusty black, clerical cut, much worn.

AGNES CURTIS HASTINGS.

The wife of Colonel Hastings; a Virginian; sister of Richard and Kitty Curtis, and niece of Henry Arnold. Age, Act I., about 25 years. ACT I.—A handsome evening dress of white silk, *en train*; low neck and short sleeves; flowers at corsage. ACT II.—A worn gown of rusty black, white apron. ACT IV.—Same dress as in Act II., less apron. A cheap hat.

KITTY CURTIS.

A pretty ingénue. Age, Act I., about 17 years. Speaks with a marked Southern accent. ACT I.—A handsome evening dress, of some thin white material, with a broad silk sash; long sleeves, high in neck, no train. Such a dress as a girl of 17 would wear evenings. ACT II.—A worn gown of some cheap brown stuff; white apron. ACT IV.—Same as Act II.; an apron; cheap straw hat.

LITTLE DICK HASTINGS.

Son of Allan and Agnes Hastings. A child of three years. Has nothing to say; must appear very weak and ill. Some soft white dress, suitable for a child of his age.

Union and Confederate officers, soldiers, and Union military band, all in uniforms indicating their rank and army.

## PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I.—Coffee pot, liqueurs, decanter of brandy, etc., on table at rise of curtain ; newspaper for orderly ; sword, military cloak and cap for KITTY ; Fair tickets for HASTINGS ; pistol for CURTIS ; tin box with papers inside on table ; red fire to burn off C. in flat.

ACT II.—Cut wood, candle, five eggs and old blue blouse for ARNOLD ; dishes, frying pan and musket for KITTY ; decanter and glasses on tray on side table ; vial of poison for HASTINGS ; shots off C. near end of act.

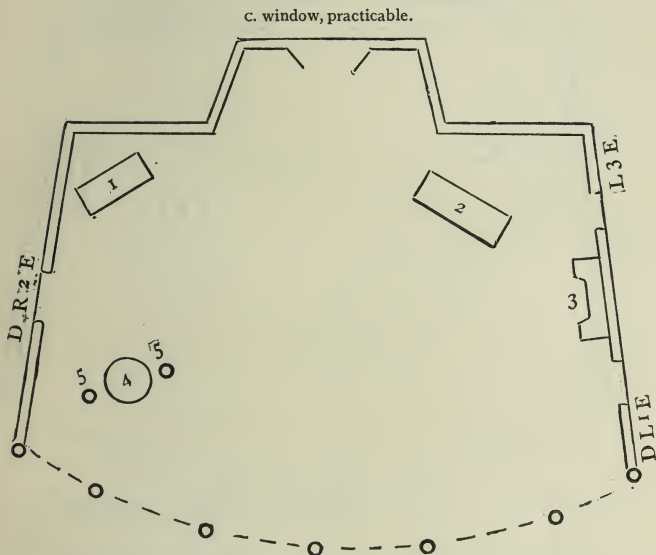
ACT III.—Papers for CAPT. THORPE, map and papers for DOUGLAS ; bandage for PROVOST MARSHAL ; telegram for OPERATOR.

ACT IV.—Books, surgical instrument case, papers, sword and belt, etc., on table at rise of curtain ; pail of water and dipper for KITTY.

# SCENE PLOT

## ACT I

Flat, showing view of Pennsylvania Avenue and the Capitol.



1. Piano. 2. Sofa. 3. Fireplace. 4. Table. 5. Chair.

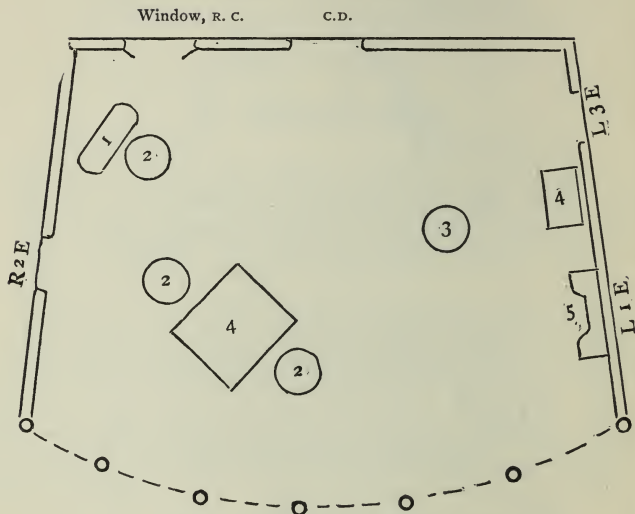
SCENE—A handsomely furnished drawing-room in the apartments of Captain Hastings, occupying the ground floor of a house in or near Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. The time is October, 1861; hour, 7.30 P. M. It is the evening of the day of the disastrous Union defeat at Ball's Bluff, Va.

A deep alcove is at upper end of stage, with a practicable window, through which can be seen Pennsylvania Avenue and a distant view of the Capitol, with moonlight effects. Also, near close of the act is seen the blaze of a burning building, about a mile away.

Piano at right; fireplace at left; costly furniture, rugs, curtains, lamps, etc., etc. Doors L. 1 E., L. 3 E., R. 2 E.

# BETWEEN TWO FOES

## ACT II



1. Crib. 2. Chair. 3. Rocking-chair. 4. Table. 5. Fireplace.

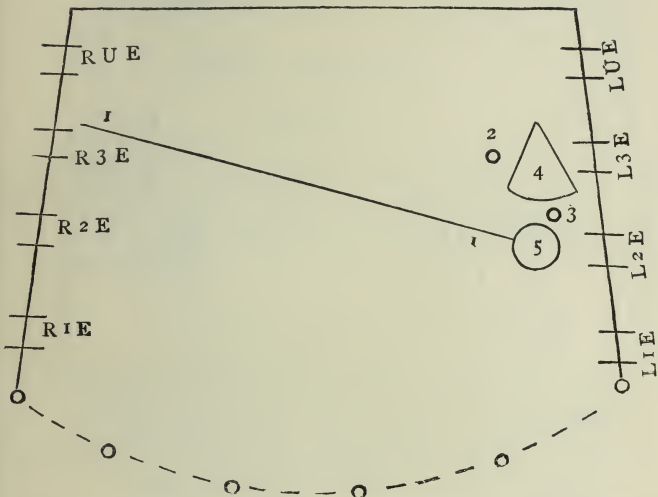
SCENE—A room in the house of the Rev. Henry Arnold, D. D., situated near Lynchburg, Campbell Co., Virginia. Time, April 8th, 1865, or the day preceding Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Three years and a half have elapsed since the first act. The hour is about 8 P. M.

Doors at R. 2 E., L. 3 E. and at centre in flat. A recessed window with curtains at R. C. A large, old-fashioned fireplace of brick at L. 1 E., supplied with a crane, fire-dogs, etc. The room is plainly furnished in the early Colonial style. Everything should give evidence of extreme destitution, where once had been wealth and ease.

# BETWEEN TWO FOES

## ACT III

Flat showing encampment and Virginia landscapes.



1. Telegraph wire. 2. Sentry. 3. Telegraph operator. 4. Tent of General Douglas. 5. Telegraph instrument.

SCENE—The encampment of the 2d Division, 5th Army Corps, detached from Sheridan's army; Maj.-Gen. Douglas, commanding. The camp is situated about ten miles from Appomattox Court House, Virginia. Date, April 9th, 1865, that is, the day following Act II., and also the day of Lee's surrender. Hour, just before sunrise.

Stage is clear, except at L. 3 E. is the tent of Gen. Douglas; and close to it, down, is a small portable table, with telegraph instruments, field electric batteries, etc. A telegraph wire stretches across stage about ten feet in air, from the table to off right. The back cloth is painted to show the camp.

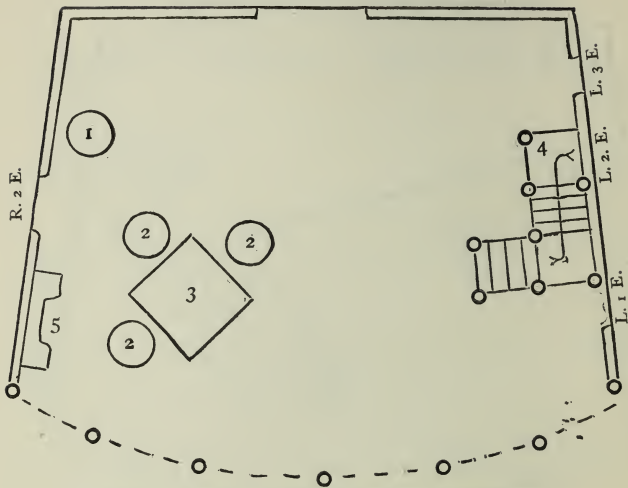


## BETWEEN TWO FOES

ACT IV

[ - - - - Sentry. - - - - ]

C. D.



1. Orderly. 2. Chair. 3. Table. 4. Staircase. 5. Fireplace.

SCENE—The great hall of the Curtis mansion, situated a few miles from Appomattox Court House. The house is now being used by General Douglas as his headquarters.

The stage shows a deep room, with a wide door at centre of flat, through which can be seen a green lawn, thickly planted with flowers and blossoming shrubs; and beyond this a glimpse of the turnpike. Starting at about the third grooves on the left is an old-fashioned staircase, with a landing up about six steps. Opening into the hall are other doors, one at R. 2 E., L. 1 E. and L. 3 E. An old-fashioned fireplace at R. 1 E. The woodwork and furniture all in the early Colonial style. Everything solid and handsome, though much worn and battered.

Date of act, April 10th, 1865, that is, one day after the third act. Hour, just before sunset. At the opening the warm glow of bright sunshine is seen upon the landscape through C. D., but this gradually changes into a richly colored sunset as the act progresses, and at the final curtain a soft gray twilight illumines the room.



## MUSIC REQUIRED

### OVERTURE

A medley of familiar patriotic airs, current during the war, such as John Brown's Body ; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp ; Battle Cry of Freedom ; When This Cruel War is Over ; When Johnny Comes Marching Home ; Hail Columbia ; Star Spangled Banner ; Red, White and Blue ; Do They Miss Me at Home.

### OTHER INCIDENTAL MUSIC

The Girl I Left Behind Me, by fifes and drums ; The Blue Bells of Scotland, by four or five pieces of brass and wood wind. Dead March in Saul, to be played by a good-sized military brass band, if possible. If not, then as large a corps of fifes and drums, with drums muffled, as possible.

### BUGLE CALLS

Reveille ; Assembly ; "Taps," or Extinguish Lights ; To Arms ; The General ; Forward, fours right.

### FIFES AND DRUMS

Reveille ; The General ; Long Roll ; Dead March.



# BETWEEN TWO FOES

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished drawing-room in the apartments of CAPTAIN HASTINGS, occupying the ground floor of a house in or near Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. The time is October, 1861; the hour, 7.30 p. m. It is the evening of the day of the disastrous Union defeat at Ball's Bluff, Va. A deep alcove is at the upper end of stage, with a practical window through which can be seen Pennsylvania Avenue and a distant view of the Capitol, with moonlight effects. Also, near close of the act is seen the blaze of a burning building, about a mile away. Piano at right: fireplace at left; costly furniture, rugs, curtains, lamps, etc., etc. Doors L. 1 E., L. 3 E., R. 2 E. See scene plot for details.*

(*Curtain discovers stage clear. Outside of centre window are heard the mingled noises of a great city; street car bells, rumbling of wagons, murmuring of voices, and particularly the shouts of newsboys calling the evening papers. These latter sounds are heard very faintly at first, but rapidly grow louder, as if the voices are approaching; then diminish as rapidly, and so finally die away in the distance.*)

FIRST VOICE (*at a distance*). Ix-tree!—O-ix-tree!!

SECOND VOICE (*very near*). Ex-tree!—Battle o' Ball's Bluff!—Ex-tree!

THIRD VOICE (*diminuendo*). Ix-tree!—O-ix-tree!—Ix-tree!

(*While the voices are rapidly dying away in the distance, enter GENERAL DOUGLAS and ALLAN HASTINGS, L. 3 E. They cross slowly to small table at R. on line of 2d grooves, on which are coffee pot, cups, liqueurs, etc.*

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

*During following scene they pour and sip their coffee, talk, perhaps smoke. It must be made evident that both men are on friendly, almost affectionate terms.)*

DOUGLAS. It is perfectly understood then, Allan, that you are now a member of my staff?

HASTINGS. Yes, General, and I thank you most earnestly for the confidence you have shown me in this appointment.

DOUGLAS. Pooh ! pooh ! why shouldn't I have confidence in you ? Haven't I known you since you were born ? Wasn't your father the best friend to me that ever a man had ; and when I held him dying in my arms at the storming of Chapultepec, did he not give you to me ? (*Emotion.*) I say he *did* ! I have looked upon you since that day as my own son.

HASTINGS. And trouble enough I've caused you, too, sir, I fear.

DOUGLAS (*laughing gently*). Well, well, I must say you have not been exactly a sinecure, my boy ; but then, I despise a milk-sop. (*ALLAN offers him brandy for coffee.*) No, no brandy for me, thanks. I never touch it. Just plain coffee—an old soldier's drink.

HASTINGS. No one ever called me a milk-sop yet, General.

DOUGLAS (*laughing*). I'll be sworn he never did but once, anyhow. (*More gravely.*) No, Allan, your fault has always been in the opposite direction.

HASTINGS. I don't understand, sir ?

DOUGLAS. I mean that you are too fiery, too hot-tempered ; just like your poor father. I hoped once that the severe training of the West Point school would teach you that perfect self-control which is so necessary in a soldier and a gentleman.

HASTINGS. I think it has, sir.

DOUGLAS. Not in everything. I'm speaking to you now as if you were my own son, Allan.

HASTINGS. Pray go on, sir.

DOUGLAS (*slowly*). Hm—well, are you not—er—sometimes a little—er—it's deuced hard to say this—a little hasty or something—with Agnes ?

HASTINGS (*with some heat*). My wife ! Must we bring her into this discussion now, General ?

DOUGLAS (*quietly*). You see. You prove my case yourself. The simple mention of her name sends you into a blaze at once.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

HASTINGS (*warmly*). No man ever loved his wife as I love mine, sir.

DOUGLAS. My boy, I know it, but may you not sometimes carry even this too far?

HASTINGS (*coldly*). I don't understand.

DOUGLAS (*with hesitation*). Well, it is a little difficult to explain, but—that is, I mean—well, Agnes Hastings is a brilliant and beautiful woman—

HASTINGS (*quickly*). She is!

DOUGLAS. A Southerner, too, and naturally likes to see about her men of her own state.

HASTINGS. But I do not object to this.

DOUGLAS. We-ell, I have sometimes thought you did.

HASTINGS (*as if offended*). In short, you think I am jealous of my wife.

DOUGLAS. No, no, no, no! Not jealous, exactly, but—well—try and put yourself in her place a little more, that's what I mean. Remember that her position here now, bound by indissoluble ties of blood and marriage to both the North and the South, is a very difficult one. You're not offended at what I've said, my boy?

HASTINGS (*coldly*). On the contrary, sir, very grateful. You have indeed treated me like a son—a Prodigal Son almost.

DOUGLAS (*aside*). The boy is angry again. That unhappy temper of his will surely get him into trouble some day, if he doesn't learn to control it. (*Aloud, calling.*) Orderly!

(*Enter ORDERLY, L. I E. He salutes and stands there at "Attention."*)

HASTINGS (*in pleasanter tone*). And when shall we get our marching orders, General?

DOUGLAS. Not for a week yet, the Secretary of War told me to-day.

HASTINGS. Not for a week!

DOUGLAS. Don't be in a hurry to leave Washington, my boy, for it will be many long months before we see it again.

HASTINGS. Yet I cannot help thinking, sir, that with McClellan and the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula, one decisive battle there must give us Richmond. If he only would fight!

VOICE (*without, very distinctly*). Ex-tree! Ex-tree! Big battle! Ex-tree!

DOUGLAS. Listen! (*Both in attitude of attention.*)

VOICE (*very distinctly*). Ex-tree! Full account—Battle

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

o' Ball's Bluff! List o' killed an' wounded! Here ye are, on'y ten cents! Battle o' Ball's Bluff—on'y ten cents! *Ex-tree!*

DOUGLAS. The battle has been fought! Orderly, get me a paper at once. (*Exit ORDERLY, hurriedly L. I E.*) I hope this is not another Union defeat! (*Paces up and down.*)

HASTINGS. How can it be possible?

DOUGLAS (*sharply*). So they said at Bull's Run, and yet—

VOICE (*without*). Extree! Extree! Ball's Bluff!

DOUGLAS (*impatiently*). Curse that fellow! Why doesn't he hurry? (*Enter ORDERLY, L. I E. hurriedly, with paper.*) Quick! Let me have it. (*Reads.*) "Disastrous Union defeat at Ball's Bluff! Colonel Baker killed! General Stone's command annihilated! Washington once more in danger!" (*Speaks.*) Will this thing never end? (*Walks about excitedly.*)

HASTINGS (*taking paper*). An official despatch! It must be true!

DOUGLAS. Captain, I'm going to the War Department at once.

HASTINGS. I will go with you, sir.

DOUGLAS. No, I'll take my Orderly. You and Agnes were going to the Soldiers' Fair at the city hall this evening?

HASTINGS. Yes, but as your Aide I go with you now, sir.

DOUGLAS. No, no, go to the fair by all means. I shall not want you to-night. But report to me at seven to-morrow morning.

HASTINGS. Very well, sir.

DOUGLAS. Good-night, Captain.

HASTINGS. Good-night, General. (*They salute.*)

DOUGLAS. Orderly!

(*Exeunt DOUGLAS and ORDERLY, L. I E.*)

HASTINGS (*walking up and down nervously*). If they would only send us to the front, where at least we might be busy! This helpless idleness is maddening.

(*AGNES sings off R. a few bars of "The Blue Bells of Scotland."*)

HASTINGS. Agnes! (*HASTINGS opens door R. and admits AGNES. He leads her gallantly down to C. F., and kisses her hand.*)

AGNES (*archly*). Only my hand, dearest?



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

HASTINGS. Nay, that is but a beginning. Too much happiness at once is dangerous. (*Kisses her cheek.*)

AGNES. But some men would be willing to risk everything—for a kiss.

HASTINGS. And I too, sweetheart, but now I can get it for just the asking. Nay, without even that. (*Kisses her. They sit by fireplace, she on a low stool, with her elbow resting on his knee. He strokes her hair tenderly.*) Look at me, dearest. Why, you are crying!

AGNES (*slowly*). I—I—am afraid I am—a little, Allan dear. I feel so—so unhappy to-night.

HASTINGS. Unhappy, my darling! Remember you are a soldier's wife, now.

AGNES. It is that which makes me so sad.

HASTINGS. Tell me why, dearest?

AGNES. I am a Southerner—a Virginian; you are an officer in the Northern army. All my friends—my kinsfolk—my only brother—now are fighting—and dying—for the cause of the South.

HASTINGS. A most unholy cause, Agnes.

AGNES (*earnestly*). They think it is a just one. (*Changing tone.*) But the dreadful fear that haunts me night and day is that the time may come when you and my—brother shall meet in battle, and that one—of—you—may—cause—the—other's death. The thought is horrible! (*Weeps.*)

HASTINGS. Nay, dearest, what you fear can never happen! The war will be over in a few months.

AGNES. Ah, you know not what you say. The war will be long and bloody. I know the Southern people—they will never yield as long as there is a man—aye, or woman or child—left to fight.

(*Enter KITTY, L. 3 E., very suddenly.*)

KITTY. Oh, my goodness! Excuse me! I didn't know you were—busy. (*Turns away.*) You can go on, now. I'm not looking.

HASTINGS (*laughing*). Don't be alarmed, Kitty. Agnes and I are only in love. (*HASTINGS and AGNES rise.*)

KITTY. In love! How absurd! Why, you're married!

AGNES. Yes, dear, but we're in love still.

HASTINGS. We're going to the Soldiers' Fair to-night, Kitty. Will you promise to be a good girl if we leave you at home?

KITTY. No, indeed! You know I'm so emotional that it really isn't safe to leave me here alone.

AGNES. I think we can trust you this time, Kitty.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

HASTINGS (*looking at clock*). Half-past seven! Will you get ready now, dearest?

AGNES. Yes, it will not take me long.

(*He leads her to R. door. As she goes off she turns and kisses her hand to him. He returns the salute, and stands at the door looking after her. KITTY mimics him, laughingly.*)

KITTY. Say, Allan! (*Louder.*) Allan!

HASTINGS. Eh! (*Turns.*) What is it, Kitty?

KITTY. Where's Bob?

HASTINGS. Eh! Bob?

KITTY. Um-mm!

HASTINGS. Oh, you mean Lieutenant Robert Stanley!

KITTY (*mimicking*). Oh, I mean Lieutenant Robert Stanley, do I? Well, I call him just plain Bob. Where is he?

HASTINGS (*laughing*). I haven't the least idea.

KITTY (*petulantly*). Well, it's very provoking! He promised to be here at seven-thirty sharp, and he's three minutes late already. He's never prompt.

HASTINGS (*amused*). He'll have to be prompt, now he's a soldier.

KITTY. Yes, that's just what I tell him. (*Complacently.*) He's in love with me, you know.

HASTINGS (*amused*). What! In love with you?

KITTY. Um-m!

HASTINGS. Allow me to congratulate you, Kitty! You'll ask us to the wedding, won't you?

KITTY. Oh, I'm not going to marry him!

HASTINGS. Indeed! Why not?

KITTY. Because he's a Yankee, and I'm a Virginian.

HASTINGS (*gravely*). I'm sorry you think that is an objection.

KITTY. Well, it is; a right smart one, too.

HASTINGS. Then you have—refused him?

KITTY. No, he hasn't asked me yet; but I'm going to refuse him—when he does.

HASTINGS (*amused*). But how do you know he loves you, then?

KITTY. Oh, you can always tell. Men are such idiots when they're in love.

HASTINGS. Was I?

KITTY. Oh, yes! You were simply the worst I ever saw—next to Bob. Hark! There he comes!

HASTINGS. How do you know?



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

KITTY. Heard him trip over his sword. He's always doing it. I'll hide. Don't tell him I'm here.

*(She hides up. STANLEY knocks, L. I E.)*

HASTINGS. Come in !

*(Enter STANLEY, L. I E.)*

STANLEY. Er—g-good-evening, Cap— *(Stumbles over sword.)* Ah, do you know, I think your carpet is a little loose over there, don't you know? Hope Mrs. Hastings is quite well, yes?

HASTINGS. Quite, thank you.

STANLEY. Er—that's nice, yes. Er—Miss Kitty anywhere about? Not that I care to see her, you know, only just thought I'd ask. Civil thing to do, ask, don't you know. He, he! Yes.

KITTY *(to HASTINGS)*. Don't you dare tell him I'm here.

HASTINGS *(to KITTY)*. Aha, you little rebel, I've got you now! *(Aloud.)* Oh, yes, she'll be here directly. Pray be seated.

STANLEY *(sitting)*. Tha-anks.

HASTINGS. And you'll pardon me now if I leave you for a moment, Mr. Stanley?

STANLEY. Oh, certainly—with pleasure. No, no, I don't mean that—I—mean—oh, certainly, yes.

HASTINGS *(to KITTY)*. Spare his life, Kitty.

*(Exit L. I E.)*

STANLEY *(to front)*. When a fellah—when a fellah goes and falls in love he always makes an ass of himself. And when a fellah falls in love with a girl who won't have him, he makes two asses of himself. And when a fellah tries to tell a girl he loves her when he knows she won't have him, he makes half-a-dozen asses of himself. And that's me. What would my mother say if she knew I was making half-a-dozen asses of myself? By Jove! I won't do it!

*(Starts L., but is stopped by KITTY, who rushes down from behind screen. She has buckled a sword about her, thrown a military cloak over her shoulders, and wears a military cap. She draws sword.)*

KITTY. Halt!

STANLEY. How-de-do, Miss Kitty?

KITTY. Who goes there?

STANLEY. N-nobody.

KITTY. Advance, Nobody, and give the countersign.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

STANLEY. But I—I don't know it, don't you know.

KITTY (*waving sword*). Turn out the guard! 'Tention, cum'ney! Carry—hums! Shoulder—hums! Forward—hums! (*Marches.*) Hum!—hum!—hum! hum! hum! Halt! Fix—bag'nets! Charge—hums! (*She lowers point of sword, and rushes at STANLEY; he jumps out of the way.*)

STANLEY (*nervously*). I say, there, don't you know, look out!

KITTY. Do you surrender?

STANLEY. Yes, Miss Kitty—to you.

KITTY. Hurrah! I've captured a live Yankee at last.

STANLEY. Oh, you captured me a long time ago, don't you know.

KITTY. I reckon that's so. Shake hands. (*They shake.*)

STANLEY. T-thank you.

(*Enter AGNES, R., with cloak, gloves, etc.*)

KITTY. Won't you sit down, Mr. Stanley? You look uncomfortable.

STANLEY. Well, I—I—am—rather, yes.

AGNES (*laughing*). Mr. Stanley! It's mutiny to talk like that before a pretty girl.

KITTY. Two pretty girls, Agnes. You forget I'm here. (*She goes to mirror, and arranges her cap. To AGNES.*) Agnes, dear, won't you leave us alone, just for a minute? I've got something very particular to say to him.

AGNES (*to KITTY, laughing*). Will that be quite safe—for him?

KITTY (*to AGNES*). Oh, I reckon! He surely knows how to run away.

AGNES (*to KITTY*). Well, you shall have just three minutes. Tell Allan I'm in there. (*To STANLEY*) Au revoir, monsieur.

STANLEY (*bowing*). Er—thank you.

(*Exit AGNES, R. KITTY sits on settee, at L. F., with cloak, cap and sword. STANLEY bashfully takes a seat by her side. An awkward pause. He starts several times to speak, but fails.*)

KITTY (*suddenly turning on him*). Well?

STANLEY (*starting*). That's just what I was going to say myself.

KITTY. Then why in the world don't you say it?

STANLEY. But I was just going to,

KITTY. Hush!

*BETWEEN TWO FOES*

STANLEY (*mournfully*). Well, I dare say you're right, yes.

KITTY (*listening*). Don't you hear something?

STANLEY. Yes, my heart—it is beating very loud.

KITTY. No, no, something else.

STANLEY. Perhaps that—that is your heart?

KITTY. No, I was wrong. Well, what were you going to say?

STANLEY (*confused*). H—how should I know?

KITTY. Have you forgotten it already?

STANLEY. That isn't the point. If you should ask me to-morrow what I was goin' to say to-day, I shouldn't wonder if I could tell you. But I never can think of anything just now. I'm always a day too late.

KITTY. I should say a week.

STANLEY. No, only a day. But I do think of things sometimes, anyhow, and they're such thunderin' good ones, too, by Jove! Make me—he, he!—laugh dweadfully! He, he!

KITTY. What would you do if some one were to insult you?

STANLEY (*very mildly*). I—er—twash him.

KITTY. S'pose you couldn't?

STANLEY (*more mildly*). Then I'd—er—apologize.

KITTY (*with scorn*). A soldier apologize! Oh, my goodness! If you aren't the worst!

STANLEY. Oh, I ain't so much of a soldier. I like the uniform—it's vewy pwetty and just suits my complexion—and the guns and the twumpets and the swords are vewy nice—only I wish mine wasn't always twipping me up so—but I weally don't care so vewy much about the fighting, you know. This dying for your country hasn't a single amusing feature—for me.

KITTY. My goodness! I can't understand you. Doesn't your blood boil and your courage rise when you think of the rage and tumult of battle?

STANLEY (*mildly*). Oh, awfully! Why, when we're out on parade, and I see the men marching, and hear the dwums and twumpets, I feel like the very—

KITTY. Hush. (*Listens.*) No, go on.

STANLEY. —like the very dickens, but when I get back to quarters I'm beastly sorry I ever enlisted. Yes.

KITTY. Oh, you're a coward!

STANLEY. Thanks. It's very likely. (*Pause.*) Er—Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Well?

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

STANLEY. I know a fellah—a fellah in our wegiment—but perhaps you know what I'm going to say?

KITTY. No, I don't. Do you?

STANLEY. No—o, not exactly. Well, you see, this fellah—he's seen you, you know, and he's—he's gone and fallen in love with you. He, he!

KITTY. What?

STANLEY. Of course I know it's not of the slightest importance, only I just thought I'd let you know, don't you know.

KITTY. My goodness! What do you mean?

STANLEY. Well, you see, he wanted me to tell you—and—and just ask you—if you wouldn't like to—to marry him sometime, don't you know. He, he, he! yes!

KITTY (*indignantly*). Well, upon my word!

STANLEY. Yes, that's just exactly what I said myself. Well, upon my word, says I! But he's an awf'ly good fellah, don't you know. Know him just as well as—as I know myself. He, he! Er—shall I tell him you'd like to marry him?

KITTY (*indignantly*). No. What is the name of this—fellah?

STANLEY (*aside*). Why can't she see that I'm the fellah? (*Aloud*.) Oh, well, I—I daresay I know his name, you know, only I've—I've forgotten it just now. A fellah can't remember everything, can he? Shall I tell him you—er—will? Yes?

KITTY. No. Leave the room.

STANLEY. But, Kitty—wait—it's all right. Let me explain.

KITTY. I will not. (*Aside*.) If he doesn't insist on explaining I'll never speak to him again. (*Goes R.*)

STANLEY. Just one moment. I know his name now. It's Lieutenant—er—

KITTY. Stop! You've said enough. Farewell forever. (*Turns away*.)

STANLEY (*agitated*). Farewell—do—you—really—mean—it—forever—Kitty?

KITTY. I do. (*Aside*.) Why can't he see I don't?

STANLEY. Then—good-bye. I will instantly go to the front, and put an end to a blighted existence by being shot. Oh, I am certainly every kind of a fool they make. Farewell!

(*Exit quickly, L. I E.*)

KITTY (*walking slowly backwards towards L. D.*). Bob! (*Pause*.) Bob! (*Pause*.) Bobbie! (*Turns*.) What,

BETWEEN TWO FOES

gone ! I didn't mean he should go. A girl can't say yes the very first thing. Why couldn't he see ? Bob !

(*Exit hurriedly, L. 1 E., calling. Enter AGNES R.*)

AGNES. No one here !

(*Enter HASTINGS, L. 3 E.*)

HASTINGS. All ready, sweetheart ?

AGNES. Yes, Allan.

(*Elaborate business of putting on AGNES'S hat and cloak.*)

AGNES. Thank you. Now my fan, please.

(*They start L., when a knock is heard, very distinctly.*)

AGNES. Some one is at the door !

HASTINGS. Come in !

(*Enter ORDERLY, L. 1 E. Both men salute.*)

HASTINGS. What is it, Orderly ?

ORDERLY. This despatch for you, sir. (*Hands note.*)

HASTINGS (*reading*). "Captain Hastings : On receipt of this order you will report at once to General Douglas, at the War Department. (*Signed*) W. H. Ferris, Ass't. Adj't. Gen." (*Speaks.*) Very well, Orderly. No answer.

(*ORDERLY salutes, and exit L.*)

AGNES (*excitedly*). What does it mean, Allan ? Tell me truly, are you ordered away ?

HASTINGS. No, dearest, only to headquarters. Don't be alarmed ; I'm sure it means nothing. (*Aside.*) I cannot understand it. Something serious must have happened. (*Aloud.*) But I'm afraid I shall have to give up the fair to-night.

AGNES. Indeed, I'm glad of it. I am too unhappy—

HASTINGS. The more reason, then, why you should go, dearest. It will keep you amused while I am away. Take Kitty with you ; here are the tickets. (*Places them conspicuously on table.*) My servant, James, will take you there, and as soon as I can leave the War Department I will join you. Will you not do this, dearest ?

AGNES (*slowly*). Yes, Allan, dear, of course, if you wish it.

HASTINGS. That's right. I'm glad to see you so brave. (*Discovers despatch box on table.*) Ah, my despatch box ! Agnes, before you leave the room, lock up this box in that desk. It contains some very important military papers.

AGNES. Yes, Allan.



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

HASTINGS. And now, good-bye till we meet—at the fair.

*(He kisses her, picks up his sword, cap and cloak, and exit L. I E., dramatically. AGNES looks after him. Then to centre, and sits.)*

AGNES (*sol.*). Ah, how heavy my heart is to-night! This cruel, cruel, cruel war!

*(She goes to piano, and sings softly part of a verse of "The Blue Bells of Scotland.")*

"Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
Oh, where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are  
done;  
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home.  
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are  
done,  
And—my—sad—heart—"

*(Near close of verse her voice falters, she breaks down and weeps. While she is in this attitude CURTIS enters, softly, centre window. He quickly locks doors, then advances to AGNES.)*

CURTIS (*softly*). Agnes! (*Louder.*) Agnes!

AGNES (*startled*). Who called me? (*Turns.*) Ah! Who are you? How dare you enter this house? (*Seizes bell-rope.*)

CURTIS (*removing disguise*). Agnes! Don't you know me?

AGNES. Richard! My brother! (*Embraces him.*) Oh, Dick, Dick, I'm so glad you've come! (*Emotion.*) So—glad—you've come!

CURTIS. Hush! Not so loud!

AGNES. Why not? You are my brother!

CURTIS. No one must know I'm here. I'm in great danger.

AGNES. Danger! What do you mean?

CURTIS. Not so loud! I have been pursued through the streets of Washington to-night, by two provost marshals, who are trying to arrest me.

AGNES. What have you done? You're not a criminal!

CURTIS. I am a Southern officer, in disguise within the Northern lines.

AGNES. You! My brother! A spy! Oh, horrible! (*Steps back.*)

CURTIS. Yes, a spy. A spy. You are easily shocked. I

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

am an officer of General Jackson's command. He has sent me here to obtain important information. I have been concealed in Washington three days, but to-night I was recognized on the street, and pursued. I knew you were here, at home, and seeing your husband go out I have come to you for help. I am in your power. Give me up—as a spy—if you will.

AGNES. But, Richard—

CURTIS. Remember this. If I am captured I shall be—hung. (*Knocking at door L. 3 E.*) Hush! Who is that? (*He goes softly to door, and stands there, pistol in hand.*)

KITTY (*knocking, without*). Agnes! Agnes! Let me in! It is I—Kitty. Let me in.

(*AGNES starts to open door. CURTIS checks her.*)

CURTIS. Stop! Send her away.

AGNES. It is Kitty!

CURTIS. Send her away, I say. She is too young to trust with this secret.

KITTY (*knocking*). Agnes! Agnes! Let me in!

AGNES (*at door*). I can't now, Kitty. I'm—I'm very busy. Come back—by-and-bye.

KITTY. Oh, all right!

(*Pause; AGNES and CURTIS listen.*)

CURTIS. Has she gone?

AGNES. Yes. (*Scornfully.*) And so, now, you have become a spy! Truly, a most honorable profession!

CURTIS. And why not? Who are you that shall judge such things? Is it a crime to risk one's life in a noble cause?

AGNES. But a spy! That is dishonorable!

CURTIS. Why is it less honorable for a general to use the knowledge obtained by his spy than it is for the man himself to get it? The commander can lose nothing. The spy perils his name, his life, everything he has in the world. There is no disgrace—no dishonor in this. But if there were, still I would do it gladly, for I am a Virginian, and I have sworn to fight for the old Dominion—aye, and die for her too, if I must. Rather let me ask why you have deserted your people now, when their trouble is bitterest?

AGNES (*proudly*). I am the wife of Allan Hastings. That is my answer.

CURTIS. 'Tis no answer!

AGNES. I say it is. When, but a few short months ago I spake at the altar the sweet vows that made us one,

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

my life was changed ; and now I say to him, as Ruth said unto Naomi : " Whither thou goest, I will go ; where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

CURTIS. Well, as you please. You have made your choice. You must abide by it now. (*Discovers despatch box.*) What is this? (*Starts to open it.*)

AGNES. Stop ! You shall not open that.

CURTIS (*opening it*). You have spoken too late. I have opened it. What are these ? Maps and papers ! (*As if to read them.*)

AGNES (*passionately*). Put them back ! How dare you touch them ?

CURTIS (*coolly*). Because I want them. I am risking my life for these very papers.

AGNES (*snatching some of the papers away*). So you're a thief as well as a spy !

CURTIS. All's fair in war. (*Examining papers.*) Map of the defences of Washington ! Exactly what I want. Plan of Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads ! H'm—h'm—arrangement of the Army of the Potomac ! Good !—h'm !—excellent !

AGNES (*seizing bell-rope*). Will you put them back ?

CURTIS (*not looking up*). No, I will not. (*Examining others.*) Fortifications of New York harbor ! H'm !—good for future reference—h'm !

AGNES (*fiercely*). Once more, put them back.

CURTIS (*coolly*). Once more, I will not. (*Reads.*) Proposed additions to earthworks about Washington ! H'm—h'm ! The very thing !

AGNES. You have brought it on yourself ! (*Rings bell.*) There !

CURTIS (*startled*). Agnes ! What have you done ?

AGNES. Rung for help. All's fair in war, you say. Then this (*rings*) is fair.

CURTIS. Stop ! stop ! Are you mad ?

AGNES. Put back those papers, then.

CURTIS (*sullenly*). I will not.

AGNES. Then I will summon the provost guard myself.

CURTIS. And betray your own brother to death ?

AGNES. Yes, as you now seek to betray your own sister to her husband.

CURTIS. You are right. (*Returns papers to box, leaving it open.*) I am a spy, but I will be an honorable one.



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(Knocking at L., I. E., very distinct.)

AGNES (*aside*). It is James.

VOICE (*outside*). Did you ring, ma'am? Did you ring?  
(Knocks.)

(At first knock AGNES and CURTIS start. CURTIS draws pistol and stands by door; he motions AGNES to send the man away.)

VOICE (*again knocking*). Did you ring, ma'am?

(CURTIS again motions sternly to AGNES to send the man away.)

AGNES. (*at door*) It was a mistake, James. I do not want you.

(She listens at door.)

CURTIS. Has he gone?

AGNES. Yes. (*Comes down.*) Now, what am I to do?

CURTIS. Give me some disguise—a cloak and cap of Hastings's will answer. Quickly! every moment is precious!

AGNES (*handing clothes*). There! But you need not hurry so, Dick. Allan will soon be back, and he will—

CURTIS. In Heaven's name, do not tell him that I have been here to-night!

AGNES. Not tell my husband?

CURTIS. No. As you love us both, keep my presence here a secret.

AGNES. But why, why? Why must I not tell him?

CURTIS. Because if he should discover that I was in Washington as a spy he would be bound by his soldier's oath to pursue and arrest me. I have told you what my capture means.

AGNES (*agitated*). Yes, yes, I know. But must I always have this secret from my husband?

CURTIS. No. To-morrow morning I shall be safe within the Southern lines. (*Aside.*) Or dead. (*Aloud.*) Tell him then. To-night be silent. Will you not do this for my sake?

AGNES. Yes, Richard, I will—for your sake. (*With emotion.*) This cruel, cruel war!

CURTIS (*kissing her*). There, don't cry, dear. It will all end happily. Good-bye! Kiss Kitty for me.

AGNES. But if Allan should ask me why I did not go to the Soldiers' Fair as I promised!

CURTIS. Say you were there, and left early. You had a headache—make some excuse to-night; you can explain it all to-morrow. (*Noise without; red fire seen through*

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

*centre window.*) Ah! there is a tremendous conflagration up the street. Good! I can easily escape now in the confusion. Is there a way out there? (*Points right.*)

AGNES. Yes, yes; through my room, and down to the rear door. Come, quickly. Allan may return any moment.

CURTIS. Go you ahead and lead the way.

(*Excunt both R. 2 E. Stage clear for an instant. Then a rattle of spurs and scabbards without, L. 1 E.; the door is burst violently open, and in rush HASTINGS and WHITNEY.*)

HASTINGS (*distractedly*). I tell you, Whitney, there is no hope! See! She is not here!

WHITNEY. Be calm, Hastings. I'm sure your wife is safe.

HASTINGS. What!

WHITNEY. Yes; for just now, as we rushed past the side entrance of the house, I thought I saw her talking to an officer in uniform.

HASTINGS (*wildly*). No, no, she is dead! Have you not seen the hall one solid mass of roaring, pitiless flame? You heard them say a hundred lives were lost. (*Shudders.*) God! what a death to die! What a death to die!

(*Sinks into a chair, overcome.*)

WHITNEY. But she may not have gone—

HASTINGS. I tell you she did go. I have her promise. And Kitty too! (*Shudders.*) Get me a carriage—I must find them. How—how my head is—I'm not well. (*Staggers.*) I cannot see! Go, John, to the hall, and—(*fiercely*) if you come back without them, I'll kill—no, no, I don't know what I'm saying! I don't know what I'm saying. (*Sinks into a chair, buries his face in his hands and sobs convulsively.*)

WHITNEY. Wait here till I return, Allan. I will find them for you. (*Aside going L.*) Poor fellow!

(*Exit L. 1 E.*)

HASTINGS (*rousing*). John! Whitney! Wait! I'll go with you. He has gone! My head! My head! (*Rises, staggers across stage, and sinks into a chair at L. F., overcome.*)

(*Enter AGNES, R.*)

AGNES (*aside*). Richard is safe! (*Sees HASTINGS.*) Allan, back so soon!

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(During following scene AGNES must appear as if acting a part, and endeavoring to conceal her emotions. She approaches him, and sings a few bars of "*The Blue Bells of Scotland*.")

HASTINGS (*rousing*). Eh ! Who is singing ? (*Sees her.*) Agnes ! (*Starts back.*)

AGNES (*laughing with effort*). Why, what's the matter, Allan dear ? Are you ill ?

HASTINGS (*laughing with effort*). Ha ! ha ! No, no, I'm not ill—I'm—I'm not ill. But I've had such a horrible dream, dear. (*Kisses her.*) I thought I—I had lost you. But I haven't lost you, my darling, have I ?

AGNES. No, dearest, not as long as you will keep me.

HASTINGS. Then you're mine—forever.

AGNES (*aside*). If I could only tell him the truth ! (*Aloud.*) I'm going to find a little fault with you now, Allan dear.

HASTINGS (*laughing*). Ah, do. I should like to hear you scold.

AGNES. Why did you not—not come to the—hall for Kitty and me—as you promised ? Did you forget us ?

HASTINGS (*bewildered*). I don't understand.

AGNES (*playfully*). I shan't let you go away from me again. We waited—and waited—

HASTINGS. You—waited !

AGNES. Yes, a little, and—and then as I had a headache—Captain Whitney brought us home.

HASTINGS (*aside*). Am I losing my mind ?

(*Rises and wanders up to C. window.*)

AGNES (*laughing*). And all the time you were here, fast asleep. Yet I've heard you say you loved me !

HASTINGS (*aside, at C. window*). The hall is on fire and I have not dreamt it ! What can it mean ? (*Comes down a little and discovers open despatch box.*) How comes my despatch box open ? There is some mystery here.

(*Enter WHITNEY, L. I E., quickly.*)

WHITNEY (*tenderly*). Allan, dear old man, I fear there is no hope. I can find no trace of them there. The hall is burned to the ground. (*Sees AGNES.*) Mrs. Hastings !

AGNES (*startled*). The city hall burned !

(*The three stand perfectly still for an instant ; AGNES agitated ; HASTINGS and WHITNEY puzzled.*)

HASTINGS (*aside ; as if dazed*). What does it all mean ?

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(WHITNEY glances from one to the other, and then with a significant shrug and look, silently withdraws, L. 1 E.)

HASTINGS (*slowly ; his suspicions and anger increasing as he proceeds*). And so you do not know the hall is burning, and a hundred lives are lost ?

AGNES. But Allan—

HASTINGS. Perhaps you were not there at all. What have you been doing in my absence ?

AGNES (*agitated*). Yes, yes—we were there—but not very long—Kitty—I mean I—had a headache—so we came home. But we were there—a little while.

HASTINGS (*sternly ; holding up tickets*). Then, how come these tickets here ? And who has plundered my despatch box ? And whose hat is this ? (*At each question AGNES shrinks away from him while his anger increases.*) Agnes, you are deceiving me.

AGNES. But, Allan—!

HASTINGS. Who was the man you were secretly assisting to escape ?

AGNES (*alarmed*). Oh, no one, no one ! I cannot tell !

HASTINGS (*storming up and down*). You shall tell ! Your silence dishonors me !

AGNES (*earnestly*). No, Allan, no, as truly as I have ever loved you, I love you now.

HASTINGS. Then you can tell me.

AGNES. I cannot. Oh, I dare not. (*Pleadingly.*) Won't you trust me, dear ?

HASTINGS (*bitterly*). After you have twice deceived me ! Most excellent reasons for trusting you.

AGNES (*becoming angry*). Your suspicions are insulting.

HASTINGS. Your silence is worse. Who has been here to-night ?

(*Enter KITTY impulsively, L. D.*)

KITTY. Oh, Agnes, why wouldn't you let me in when I knocked ? (*AGNES endeavors to check her by a gesture, which HASTINGS perceives.*) Eh, what ? Whom were you talking with ? Eh—what's the matter ? It was a man anyhow. I heard his voice.

HASTINGS (*vehemently*). So there was a man here ! And you dare not tell me his name ! Yet you say you have not wronged me !

(*AGNES lays her hand appealingly on his arm. He throws her roughly away in anger. She becomes instantly very angry.*)

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

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AGNES (*wildly*). Ah! what have you done? You have struck me! Come, Kitty, come. We must leave this house. I will not be insulted again. Come.

(*They go towards R. D. Trumpet without sounds the "Assembly."*)

HASTINGS. Hark! I'm called.

(*Military band outside plays "The Blue Bells of Scotland" as a quickstep. At first pp, but rapidly crescendo, as if the band were swiftly approaching and marching directly past C. window. Enter STANLEY, L. I E., hurriedly.*)

STANLEY. Good-bye, Kitty. Good-bye, all. We're off at last, don't you know. Come, Captain, come.

(*He picks up the despatch box, pauses a moment at L. I E. then exit. HASTINGS starts after him.*)

AGNES (*with great emotion*). Allan, Allan, where are you going?

HASTINGS. We start for the front at midnight. (*Bugle.*) I must go.

(*He picks up sword, cap and cloak. Fifes and drums are now playing "The Girl I Left Behind me," very loud and shrill under window. Exit HASTINGS, L. I E., dramatically. KITTY hurries to C. window; AGNES down C. a little.*)

KITTY (*at window, greatly excited*). Here they are! Come, Agnes! Hurry! There's Bob! Oh, Bob! *Bob!!* Good-bye! Good-bye, Allan. Quickly, Agnes. Here's Allan!

(*AGNES runs up C. to window, looks out, puts her hand to her eyes, then turns and runs down a little, crying as if heart-broken.*)

AGNES. Oh, my God!

(*She faints and falls prone to stage near C., and lies there at curtain, while KITTY is at window, waving handkerchief and cheering.*)

SLOW ACT DROP



## ACT II.

SCENE.—*A room in the house of the REV. HENRY ARNOLD, situated near Lynchburg, Campbell Co., Virginia. Time, April 8, 1865. Three years and a half have elapsed since the first act. Hour, about 8 p. m. Doors at R. 2 E.; L. 3 E., and at C. in flat. A window at R. C. A large, old-fashioned fireplace of brick at L. 1 E., supplied with a crane, fire-dogs, etc. The room is plainly furnished in the early colonial style. For description see scene plot.*

*(Curtain discovers KITTY seated by the side of a baby's crib, near R. 3 E. Lights half down; music to commence.)*

KITTY. How restless the baby is to-night! *(Inspects him.)* His face is flushed, and he seems very feverish. Poor little man! *(Rocks cradle and sings a Southern lullaby.)*

*(Enter ARNOLD, C. D., carrying an armful of wood, which he drops near fireplace. He leaves door open; KITTY shuts it.)*

KITTY. Uncle Henry, you must make less noise, or you'll certainly wake the baby.

ARNOLD. Eh! Bless my soul! Is the baby here? *(Goes to cradle.)* Ah, so he is! Where's his mother, Kitty?

KITTY. Upstairs, asleep, while I'm taking care of him.

ARNOLD. Well, well, let her rest, poor child. Let her rest if she can. *(They go to C. F.)*

KITTY *(feeling of his coat)*. My goodness, Uncle Henry! You're wet through. You must change your coat this minute.

ARNOLD. Oh, no, no, this will do very well; very well, indeed.

KITTY. No, sir! You must get out of that coat right quick. *(Goes to R. closet.)* Why, where is your other coat?

ARNOLD *(confused)*. Eh! my other coat? Let me think. You're sure it isn't there?

KITTY *(severely)*. You know it isn't. Uncle Henry, you have gone and given it away.

ARNOLD. Oh, yes, yes. It occurs to me now. There was a poor fellow this morning—very sad case—Union soldier

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escaping from Richmond—hadn't eaten anything for three days, and so—

KITTY. —And so you gave him your coat for breakfast !  
(*Sarcastically.*)

ARNOLD. Well, no, my dear, not exactly. Most unfortunately there wasn't a morsel to eat in the house ; but he seemed to be a very interesting young man, and as he wanted to disguise his uniform, we just exchanged coats.

KITTY (*producing an old blue blouse*). Well, you must put this on till your other is dry. Ugh ! how I hate the very color of it !

(*He puts on coat ; both laugh at his odd appearance.*)

ARNOLD (*softly*). Hush ! remember the baby. (*Goes to window and looks out.*) How fiercely it storms ! I pity those poor fellows who are without shelter to-night. (*Sounds of storm without. KITTY starts to draw window curtains ; he stops her.*) No, Kitty. (*Puts candle before window.*) Perhaps that light, shining through the stormy darkness, will carry hope and cheer to some homeless wanderer, out there in the cold and wet. I hope so. Why, who knows but our Dick may see it ; and then he will know we are all well—and—and happy. (*Emotion.*) Yes, yes, very—very happy. So we won't draw the curtains, my dear ; we won't draw the curtains—to-night.

(*Both come down.*)

KITTY. Where do you suppose Dick is ? We haven't heard from him in two months.

ARNOLD (*cheerfully*). Oh, never fear, Dick is all right. (*Aside.*) Heaven grant he is !

(KITTY *proceeds to hang up* ARNOLD'S *coat before the fire.*  
*He stops her, quickly.*)

ARNOLD. My dear child ! Pray be very careful.

KITTY. Of that thing ? Why ?

ARNOLD (*taking coat*). What do you think there is in the pockets ?

KITTY. Oh, same as usual, I suppose. Nothing.

ARNOLD. Oh, no, no, a great deal better than that. Guess again.

KITTY. H'm ! h'm ! Let me see. Something for the baby ?

ARNOLD. Not definite enough. Everything is for the baby.

KITTY. It is—something to eat !

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ARNOLD. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Yes, but what ? Come, now, guess.

KITTY. I reckon it's a—a ham ?

ARNOLD (*chuckling*). Ha ! ha ! Not a bit like it.

KITTY. Chickens ?

ARNOLD. Colder and colder, Kitty. Ha ! ha !

KITTY. Let me think ! Ham—no ! Chickens—no ! Oh, I never can guess. Tell me !

ARNOLD (*slowly*). It—is—five—

KITTY. Well, what ? (*Impatiently*.)

ARNOLD. Eggs ! (*Triumphantly*.)

KITTY. Fresh eggs ?

ARNOLD. Um-m, well, rather fresh. We mustn't expect too much in war times, my dear. I found them myself.

KITTY. Well, I'm right glad you did, for there isn't anything else in the house to eat except a little cold hoe-cake. (*She takes eggs out of pocket quickly*.)

ARNOLD (*anxiously*). Careful, Kitty, careful. Even these eggs are—eggs, you know.

KITTY (*laying eggs on table*). One, two, three, four, five. Correct ! I had a sort of feeling that one of them would be smashed. How shall we fix 'em ?

ARNOLD (*thoughtfully*). Well, now, what is your opinion ? Don't speak impulsively. What is your de-lib-e-rate opinion ?

KITTY (*thoughtfully*). Let's see. Five eggs—of unknown age—for three grown-ups and a baby.

ARNOLD. Quite right, Kitty ; quite right.

KITTY (*slowly*). Well, I vote for—an—omelet.

ARNOLD. Bravo ! The very thing I had chosen myself. Still, there was really no question—it's the only thing possible—with these eggs. We must give them the benefit of every doubt.

(KITTY *proceeds to set table* ; ARNOLD *breaks eggs into frying pan*.)

ARNOLD (*breaking a bad egg*). Phew ! there's no doubt about that egg. It's older than Pharaoh. (*Throws it away ; breaks another*). That's suspicious—came over with William the Conqueror, probably—but it may go, in an omelet, with plenty of seasoning. (*Breaks other eggs and prepares omelet*.) How do you think Agnes is to-day, Kitty ?

KITTY. Poor child ! She is miserable.

ARNOLD. I'm afraid so. Yet there's nothing I can do for her now.

KITTY. That's because you've done everything in the world for us both, already, uncle dear.



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ARNOLD. There, there, we're not going to talk about that any more.

KITTY. Oh, yes we are. What should we have done in the past three terrible years but for you? When it seemed—

ARNOLD. But I say, Kitty, we're not to talk about that now.

KITTY. And I say we are. You can't stop me, but I can stop you. (*Kisses him.*) This way.

ARNOLD (*laughing*). Go along, now. That's just the way to make me keep on.

KITTY. Don't be a bad boy, or I shall have to send you to bed. Wasn't Agnes's baby born here; and haven't you taken care of him as if he were your own child? (*Embraces him.*) Uncle Henry, I love you!

ARNOLD. Tut! tut! Be careful, child. You must not interfere with the omelet.

KITTY. That's so! Let me have it. (*Takes frying pan.*) Sentiment is a luxury—but an omelet is a necessity.

(*Enter AGNES, R. D. She goes to cradle. ARNOLD goes towards her.*)

AGNES (*at cradle*). Still asleep!

ARNOLD. My child, we're glad to see you. (*They come down.*)

AGNES. Have you any news of the two armies, uncle?

ARNOLD. Yes, there was a desperate battle at Sailor's Creek yesterday, twenty miles away.

AGNES. So near! Which was victorious?

ARNOLD. The—the other side, the Northern. Agnes, do you never think of your husband now? Have you quite forgotten him?

AGNES. Absolutely forgotten—but not forgiven—him.

ARNOLD. But, my dear, you should be more charitable.

AGNES. Can a woman ever forgive the wrong he has done me? No. It is unpardonable. But it will do no good to talk of this. I wish Dick were here to-night.

KITTY (*at fireplace*). My goodness! and don't I!

ARNOLD. Ah, if he only were! What a dear, reckless, lovable boy he was! (*Laughs softly.*) And so were you too, Kitty, quite as much of a boy as Dick. You never would learn your lessons—though I know I was a trifle old-fashioned in my way.

AGNES. No, it was Kitty's fault. She was always in mischief.

KITTY (*complacently*). Yes, I reckon I most generally was.

ARNOLD. And do you remember, Kitty, how you and Dick

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and I used to go down to the river Saturday mornings and fish, eh?

KITTY. Don't I!

ARNOLD. Such a boy Dick was! Aye, and such a boy you were, too, my dear. You always caught more fish than Dick and I together. Ha! ha! ha! Those dear old days! I wish they were back once more.

KITTY. And have you forgotten the time you lost your wig, uncle Henry?

ARNOLD. Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! lost my wig! Bless me, so I did! When that rascal Dick tied it to the chair, after dinner, while I was—was thinking over my sermon, eh?

KITTY. No, you were fast asleep. And then I crept up behind you and cried—Boo!

ARNOLD. Yes, yes, and then up I jumped, and off went my wig. (*All laugh.*) Those dear, dear old days! How I wish they were back once more. (*Storm without.*) Hark! how it storms! (*Knock, C. D.*) What is that? (*Knock, louder.*) Sh-h, some one is at the door.

(*He opens C. D. Enter SERGEANT THAYER, then CAPTAIN MILES. Both booted and spurred and muddy with hard riding.*)

MILES (*bowing deeply*). My apologies for this intrusion, sir, but I am conducting a scouting party across the country for the purpose of cutting the Yankees' telegraph wires, and I've lost my way in the storm. I am Captain Miles, of the 5th Georgia Cavalry.

ARNOLD. And I am Henry Arnold, of this place. You are heartily welcome here, sir. Pray be seated near the fire.

MILES (*going to fire*). You are very good, sir, but my business is urgent. I am looking for the Lynchburg road.

ARNOLD. Dear me! You're a long way out of your path. Let me see: Follow this road past the house about a mile, to the first crossing; then turn to the left three miles, then to the right one, and you will find yourself upon the Lynchburg turnpike.

MILES. I am deeply obliged to you, sir. Good-night. Ladies, your servant. (*Bows.*) Sergeant.

(*MILES and SERGEANT to C. D. Exit SERGEANT.*)

KITTY (*to ARNOLD*). Ask him if he knows about Dick.

ARNOLD. Er—one minute, Captain.

MILES (*turning and bowing*). 'Twill be but half a minute to me, sir.

ARNOLD. You will drink a stirrup cup with us, Captain?

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MILES. Thanks, you're very good. It's a cruel night outside.

(KITTY brings down a decanter and glasses on a small tray. MILES and ARNOLD each fill a glass. All done with elaborate Southern formalities.)

ARNOLD. Your very good health, Captain. (*Bows.*)

MILES. Sir! And yours, ladies. (*Bows to AGNES and KITTY who slightly acknowledge it. Both men drink.*)

ARNOLD (*with assumed indifference*). By the way, Captain, can you give me any information concerning an officer of the—the 10th Virginia infantry—one Colonel—

KITTY (*interrupting eagerly*). Richard Curtis?

MILES. Colonel Curtis! Yes, I know him well.

ARNOLD (*eagerly*). Do you! Where is he?

MILES. He is now—a prisoner within the Northern lines.

ARNOLD. A prisoner! Thank heaven! At least he is safe and well.

MILES. I fear he is neither, sir, for at this moment he lies under sentence of death—

AGNES. Ah!

ARNOLD. Death! Of what crime is he falsely accused?

MILES. He is held as a hostage for a Union officer, now confined in Libby prison, and sentenced to be shot for violating his parole.

ARNOLD. But they dare not murder Colonel Curtis in cold blood! The day for such acts is passed.

MILES. I'm afraid they will, sir, if Colonel Allan Hastings is shot.

AGNES (*deeply agitated; aside*). Husband against brother! It has come at last, in spite of all my prayers. (*Drops into a chair, overcome. KITTY goes to her side.*)

MILES. I fear madam is ill.

ARNOLD (*much agitated*). Oh, no, no, it is nothing. We—we used to know Colonel Curtis once—and Colonel Hastings slightly—that is all, that is all—oh, very slightly.

MILES. I hope I have not spoken too abruptly.

ARNOLD (*much agitated*). Oh, no, no, it is nothing. We are quite used to such—such little things as this. (*Tearfully.*) We often find them quite amusing.

(ARNOLD and MILES to C. D. and converse apart.)

AGNES. What a cruel fate is mine! Husband against brother! (*Emotion.*)

KITTY (*embracing her*). Don't cry, Agnes. It isn't right to cry. Look at me. (*She weeps.*)

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MILES (*at C. D.*). But I have long outstayed my time. By morning there must not be a single Yankee telegraph wire uncut. My thanks to you, sir. Ladies. (*Bows.*) Good-night.

(*Exit MILES, C. D. A moment later is heard the clatter of hoofs and jingle of accoutrements as the troop rides away. All three listen.*)

AGNES (*at cradle*). My boy ! you're all I have now in the world.

ARNOLD. There, there, my child. Don't be distressed. It will all come out right in the end. (*Aside.*) God send it may ! (*Aloud.*) Go to your room now, and rest a little longer. To-morrow I will see General Lee myself ; I am sure it can all be easily arranged. Come, my dear. (*Leading her to R. D.*) You look after the baby, Kitty. Come, my dear.

(*Exeunt both, R. D.*)

KITTY (*at table*). Oh, I wish this war was over. My life is just one great big sob—my heart has been in my throat for three long years. I wonder where Bob is to-night. I hope he is safe. And Dick and Allan ! Suppose they should—have—to—die. Suppose they—were—dead—now ! Oh !

(*She puts her head down on table and weeps. While she is in this position the centre door opens very softly. KITTY perceives it and watches it in alarm. At length HASTINGS appears, slowly and stealthily. KITTY suddenly slips under table in alarm.*)

KITTY (*on floor*). His ghost ! Oh-h ! He's dead !

(*HASTINGS slowly disappears, shutting the door after him. KITTY, after much business of fear, rises and goes to centre.*)

KITTY (*tearfully*). The house is haunted. I'm going to tell Uncle Henry. (*She turns and sees HASTINGS'S face at window, and shrieks out :*) Allan !

(*With a cry of terror she runs off, R. D. Enter slowly, C. D., HASTINGS and STANLEY. Both are in rags and look pinched by hunger and cold. They have escaped from Libby prison. HASTINGS is very feeble, and is partly supported by STANLEY.*)

STANLEY (*protesting, as they advance*). You must stay outside, Colonel, till I find if we are safe here.

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HASTINGS. I will not. I know this is Miller's, the Union sympathizer. Ah, that fire! (*Goes to fire.*) It has seemed to-night as if I should die of cold. I can go no farther now. How many days since we escaped from Libby, boy?

STANLEY. Three, Colonel. But I beg you will go outside.

HASTINGS. Three days and nights in the swamps of Virginia, fleeing for life, and hunted by dogs and men like rats to their holes. Ah, the blessed fire! One must be an escaping prisoner, starving and freezing, to know the ecstasy of food and warmth. And if there's a price upon his head, so much the better. (*Sees table.*) Food! If I only dared! (*Noise off right.*)

STANLEY (*seizing his arm; alarmed*). Some one is coming! Quick, outside and wait.

HASTINGS (*querulously*). Out in the cold and wet again! No, no, I will not go. (*They struggle.*)

STANLEY. You must! Quickly! Some one is here.

(*He forces HASTINGS out, C. D. Enter ARNOLD, R. D.*)

ARNOLD (*astonished at seeing STANLEY*). I beg pardon, but—

STANLEY (*turning; coolly*). Just what I was going to say myself. How-de-do? Beastly weather, ain't it?

ARNOLD. Why, really sir, I—I don't quite understand.

STANLEY. That's all right. Neither do I. (*Aside.*) I must find out who he is. (*Aloud.*) Well, you—er—see,—oh, by the way, I didn't catch your name?

ARNOLD (*with dignity*). My name, sir, is Henry Arnold.

STANLEY (*seizing his hand*). Delighted, I'm sure! (*Aside.*) The very man we were warned to avoid. The outlook is indeed gloomy. (*Aloud.*) Arnold, eh? Why, I've heard of you before. Allow me. (*Shakes his hand vigorously.*) Used to know all about—er—Benedict Arnold in school, years ago. He did something or other and got hanged or something, didn't he? He, he! Yes.

ARNOLD (*much offended*). Sir!

STANLEY (*with affected joviality*). No offence, no offence. Awfully glad to see you, don't you know, because you're the particular person I've been looking for. (*Aside.*) And mighty sorry to find. (*Aloud.*) So that's where the fun comes in. Ha, ha! Yes.

ARNOLD (*confused*). De-ar me! what fun?

STANLEY. Oh, any kind you like. It really doesn't matter, so long's the joke's on some one.

ARNOLD (*more bewildered*). De-ar me!

STANLEY (*aside*). Poor Hastings is freezing to death out



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there. I'll bring him in for a few moments ; and if the old gentleman gets tricky I'll gag him. He looks harmless enough now, though. (*Aloud.*) I say, you know, have you any objections to my asking in a friend from outside ?

ARNOLD. Bless me ! out there in the storm ?

STANLEY. Oh, yes, yes, out there, yes. Peculiarity of his. Likes to stay out in the rain and get wet. Says it's been a family characteristic for centuries, and he's actually proud of it. Claims he inherited the taste from Noah. Er—may I ?

ARNOLD. At once ! (*At C. D., calling off.*) Friend, won't you come in by the fire ?

STANLEY (*at C. D., speaking off*). Yes, yes, come in. Why stand upon ceremony now ? Come in and be sociable.

(*Enter HASTINGS, C. D. STANLEY takes his arm and guides him down to fire, where he crouches over the blaze, rubbing his hands and muttering.*)

HASTINGS. I'm so cold ! I'm almost frozen !

STANLEY (*aside to HASTINGS*). Sh-h, Colonel. You'll soon feel better. (*To ARNOLD.*) Pretend not to notice him. In fact, don't notice him. Mind's not quite right, you know. Hundred pound shell hit him point blank on top of his head, exploded—biff !—left him the wreck you behold. Quite a beastly sad thing, don't you know.

ARNOLD. Poor fellow ! I—er—I've not yet learned your name ?

STANLEY. Eh, name ? Oh, yes, exactly. Well, don't you see, it's like this. We're officers of the—the 5th Georgia Cavalry, don't you know.

ARNOLD. The 5th Georgia Cavalry ?

STANLEY. Yes, the 5th, yes, oh yes. And we've got separated—lost, as it were—and now we're looking for our regiment, don't you see ? (*Aside.*) Oh, why wasn't I born a liar ?

ARNOLD. Then it's very fortunate that you've come to my house, sir, for I can easily help you to find your regiment. I have just been informed where the 5th Georgia is encamped.

STANLEY. Really ? How extremely nice ! (*Aside.*) Confound it ! why didn't I say the 10th Georgia ?

ARNOLD. Yes, one of your brother officers—Captain Miles—was here a few moments ago. You know Captain Miles, of course ?

STANLEY. Do I know old Miles ? Well, I should think I ought to ! (*Aside.*) I wish old Miles were dead.

ARNOLD. Well, he informed me that your regiment lies only three or four miles from here, on the Amherst road.

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STANLEY. I say, that's most uncommonly deuced great luck for us, now, isn't it? (*Aside.*) Confound it!

ARNOLD. And I can easily take you there in the morning, or even to-night, if the matter is urgent.

STANLEY. Oh, no, no, no, no! Awf'ly good of you, of course, but I really couldn't allow you to do that to-night. (*To HASTINGS.*) Colonel, we're in a deuce of a scrape.

HASTINGS (*to STANLEY*). I'm afraid we are.

STANLEY (*to HASTINGS*). Well, when you're in a hole like this there's never but one thing to do.

HASTINGS (*to STANLEY*). What is that?

STANLEY (*to HASTINGS*). Haven't the least idea. But I guess we'd better take to the woods again, anyhow.

HASTINGS (*to STANLEY*). Yes. You slip out as quietly as you can, and I will follow. (*Goes to cradle.*) What a lovely child! Your grandson, sir?

(*Exit STANLEY, C. D.*)

ARNOLD. My grand-nephew.

HASTINGS. You must be very fond of him. (*As if to pick him up; then turns away.*) No, no, I must not. I am too ragged and wet.

ARNOLD. Bless me! so you are wet! Why did I not think of that before? Come with me. Perhaps I can find you some dry clothes.

(*Pulls him towards L. D.*)

HASTINGS (*protesting*). But, my dear sir!

ARNOLD. Nay, not a word. Come with me.

(*He drags HASTINGS off, L. D. Enter STANLEY, C. D.*)

STANLEY. Why doesn't he hurry? Not here! Where has he gone? Ah, what a beautiful supper! I wish I wasn't quite so hungry. (*Hesitates; business.*) It's no use. I must have one bite.

(*Sits and eats, back to R. D. Enter KITTY, R. D.*)

KITTY (*aside*). Who is that? He's stealing our supper! (*Gets an old musket, up, and advances. Aloud.*) Stop! What are you doing there? (*He turns.*) Bob Stanley? (*She drops the musket with a bang.*)

STANLEY (*coolly, mouth full*). How-de-do, Miss Kitty?

KITTY (*nervously*). Are you—sure—you're not a ghost?

STANLEY. Can't say. I'm as hollow as one, anyhow. Yes.

KITTY (*tenderly*). Oh, Bob! Are you so very hungry?

STANLEY. Who, I? Hungry? (*Looking away from*



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*table with difficulty.*) Certainly not. Why should I be hungry?

KITTY. Really and truly?

STANLEY. Well, haven't I been living at the Hotel Libby for the last six months? And don't you think a fellow's got something else to do there besides eat, eh? (*Sentimentally.*) But I say, Kitty, do you realize it's over three years since I saw you last?

KITTY. It seems like a lifetime to me. I'm an old woman now.

STANLEY. Ye-es, I noticed that the moment I saw you. False hair, false teeth, false complexion, false everything. You must be nearly twenty. Poor old lady! Nothing to live for any longer.

(*He can't keep his eyes from the supper table. She suddenly discovers this.*)

KITTY. Bob, I do believe you're starving! Sit right down here and eat.

STANLEY. Do you mean it?

KITTY. I reckon I do. (*Aside.*) He shall have my share. (*He sits at table; she helping him.*) Have some omelet?

STANLEY. No, thanks. I—I mean, yes, please. (*She helps him.*) Oh, not so much. Well, well, if you insist, of course.

(*He eats; she watches him, and helps him from time to time. He appears very nervous and excited, and starts and jumps at every sound. Much business.*)

KITTY. Say, what in the world brings you here now, I should like to know?

STANLEY. Oh, I'm just travelling around for my health. How come you here?

KITTY. Why, I live here?

STANLEY (*astonished*). Live here?

KITTY. Yes, with my uncle, and Agnes, and the baby.

STANLEY. With your uncle! And Agnes! And the baby! Pinch me. (*KITTY pinches him.*) That'll do! Yes, I'm awake. Does Agnes know that Allan is here?

KITTY. Allan! Where?

STANLEY. Oh, anywhere—here! This house.

KITTY. For goodness' sake! What is coming next?

(*Enter AGNES, R. D., and goes to cradle, not seeing others. At same moment enter HASTINGS and ARNOLD, L. D.*)

HASTINGS (*seeing her*). Agnes! (*Advances.*)

AGNES (*turning*). You, Allan!

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HASTINGS (*appealingly*). Agnes ! Wife ! Will you not forgive—?

AGNES (*haughtily*). Stand back ! You shall not come near me.

HASTINGS (*confused*). Why—why are you here ?

AGNES (*to ARNOLD*). Answer him.

ARNOLD. She is living here with me and her little child—

HASTINGS (*confused and agitated*). Child ? child ? You mean—our child ? Let me see him ! I will see him !  
(*Steps towards cradle.*)

AGNES (*interposing*). No, you shall not !

HASTINGS (*becoming aroused*). I say I will.

AGNES (*with great power*). And I say no. (*Dramatic pause.*)

STANLEY (*aside to KITTY, with a gesture*). Come.

(*Exeunt STANLEY and KITTY, R. D., in silence. During the proceeding ARNOLD has been dumb with amazement, but now recovers.*)

ARNOLD (*aside*). This must be Allan Hastings. (*Aloud.*) Agnes, my dear child, don't be cruel. Listen to me.

AGNES. I will listen to no one now. I must judge this man myself.

HASTINGS (*indicating cradle*). You forget I am his father.

AGNES. It is what I can never forget. (HASTINGS *advances a step. She raises her hand.*) No ! Leave the house !

ARNOLD. Nay, my daughter. He is your husband. Say you will forgive him.

AGNES. How can I forgive the man who once so cruelly, brutally, drove me out into the world, with a miserable stain upon my honor ; and left me to face the perils of motherhood alone, among strangers ? But for you, my tender, loving father, I should have died long ago. (*Weeps on ARNOLD'S shoulder.*) I wish to God I had !

ARNOLD (*soothingly*). There, there, my child ! Don't cry. Look at me and be brave. (*He weeps.*) Be brave and—forgiving.

HASTINGS. Agnes, I have done you a cruel wrong, but it was not till long after that I learned the true story of that dreadful night. I have bitterly repented of my folly ever since ; and daily, hourly, have I striven to atone for my sin.

AGNES. Your repentance comes too late. Nothing can

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ever wipe out the past. Why are you here? Why have you been condemned to death like a common murderer?

HASTINGS. I am accused of having broken my parole.

AGNES. And you are guilty!

HASTINGS. No.

*(Enter STANLEY, R. D.)*

STANLEY. Allow me to explain.

AGNES. Mr. Stanley!

STANLEY. Same man. I give you my word of honor that Colonel Hastings is not guilty of the crime he is charged with.

HASTINGS. No, I am innocent. Yet for weeks I have waited for the summons to go forth to death—ah, that awful agony of suspense!—but day and night I have kept hidden here this little vial of poison—to cheat the gallows at the last. *(Shows small vial of poison.)*

ARNOLD. “Man’s inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.”

HASTINGS. Then at last came a chance to escape, and with the help of this brave man here—

STANLEY. No time for compliments now, Colonel.

HASTINGS. I was once more free; and now we are almost within sight of the Old Flag and salvation.

AGNES. Do you know why your—execution—has been so long delayed?

HASTINGS. No.

AGNES *(bitterly)*. The Federals are holding my brother as your hostage.

HASTINGS. Richard my hostage! Then my escape means his safety! I will get through. Come, Stanley.

*(He starts for C. D. Enter KITTY, hurriedly, R. D.)*

KITTY. Hurry, hurry! Hide somewhere. There’s a troop of cavalry up the road.

*(Sound of a troop of horse heard without, growing rapidly louder.)*

STANLEY. Quick, Colonel. This way. *(To C. D.)* We can dodge them in the dark.

KITTY. No, no, they’re coming that way.

AGNES. Allan, come with me. *(To R.)* Kitty, hide him over there. *(Points L.)* We must save them both.

*(Very loud knocks, C. D.)*

ARNOLD. Yes, yes, let us hurry.

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(*Exeunt* HASTINGS, AGNES and ARNOLD, R. D., KITTY and STANLEY, L. D., *all hurriedly*. Enter SERGEANT THAYER and two troopers, C. D. *He stations them at R. D. and L. D. Then enter* MILES, C. D.)

MILES. House empty, Sergeant ?

SERGEANT. Seems to be, sir ; but I reckon our man is here.

MILES. Well, we must find him if he is. Have the place surrounded by a guard, and instruct the men to fire upon any one leaving it. Then report again to me. Look sharp, now.

SERGEANT. Very good, sir.

(*Exit, C. D.*)

MILES. I'm afraid the poor wretch can't escape. I wish he might, yet I dare not disobey my orders.

(*Enter* ARNOLD, R. D.)

ARNOLD. I beg pardon, but—(*recognizes him*)—Captain Miles !

MILES. Believe me, sir, I deeply regret having to disturb you again at this late hour, but information has come to me that an important escaped Union prisoner is concealed here, and I have been ordered—against my will, I need not assure you—to arrest him.

(*Enter* AGNES, R. D.)

AGNES (*to* ARNOLD). They're safe. Kitty will guide them to the woods. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Captain Miles ! We're happy to see you again.

MILES (*bowing*). Madam, I thank you. I trust I shall be able to perform a most unpleasant duty without distressing you ?

AGNES. We are Virginians, Captain. The house is yours.

MILES. Your words do you infinite honor.

(*Enter* KITTY, L. D. *She bows to* MILES ; *then aside to* AGNES.)

KITTY. Don't let him search. They're both upstairs ; they can't escape—the house is surrounded.

AGNES. Ah !

MILES. I am quite sure my search will prove fruitless, yet for form's sake—

AGNES (*excitedly*). No, no, Captain, you will not find him here. You need not look.

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(Enter SERGEANT, C. D.)

MILES. I'm afraid I must. We will begin upstairs. Sergeant!

AGNES. No, no, stop! You must not go there.

MILES (*surprised*). Indeed! But just now you said—

AGNES. I know it; but I had—forgotten—

MILES. Ah! Forgotten—?

AGNES (*agitated*). That—that my baby is upstairs—very ill. No, no, you must not go there. (*To* ARNOLD.) Oh, send them away! He is still in the house.

ARNOLD (*aside; distressed*). Dear me!

MILES. Well, Mr. Arnold, under the circumstances, I will so far disobey my orders as not to search your house if you will give me your solemn assurance, as a gentleman and a clergyman, that the man I want is not here.

ARNOLD (*aside*). Heaven help me! What shall I say?

SERGEANT (*to* MILES). Captain, her baby isn't upstairs at all, but over yon in the cradle.

MILES (*to* SERGEANT). I know it. (*To* ARNOLD.) Well, sir?

ARNOLD. One moment. Let me think. There was an escaped prisoner here—an hour ago—but he—he—

AGNES. He has gone—down the road—follow quickly—you can overtake him.

MILES (*to* ARNOLD). Is this true, sir? Pardon me, madam, I do not doubt your word, but you may be—mistaken. (*A dramatic pause, during which* ARNOLD *is seen to be having a severe mental struggle. MILES becomes impatient.*) You do not answer. Sergeant, take two men and search—upstairs.

(*He points right. SERGEANT and two men start for R. D. Enter* STANLEY, L. D., *and pauses there in full sight.*)

STANLEY (*quietly*). This way, Captain, if you're looking for me.

ALL (*exclaiming*). Oh!

MILES (*advancing*). You're my prisoner, sir.

STANLEY. It certainly has that appearance. Yes.

(*The two soldiers cross quickly and stand on either side of* STANLEY, *near* L. F. *This is done in obedience to a gesture from* MILES. *SERGEANT is near* C. D. *At this moment is heard just without* C. D. *a loud challenge.*)

VOICE (*outside* C. D.). Halt! Who goes there?

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

*(Then comes the sound of scuffling, voices, followed by two shots in quick succession, and more cries. AGNES and KITTY both scream in terror, and AGNES seems about to fall from weakness, when ARNOLD catches her and helps her to a chair near the baby's cradle.)*

MILES (*sharply*). See what it is, Sergeant.

*(SERGEANT steps outside, but in sight through C. D., talking to sentry.)*

SERGEANT. Some one has run the guard, sir, and escaped from the house. Shall we pursue, sir?

MILES (*turning abruptly to STANLEY*). What is your name?

STANLEY (*calmly*). Colonel Allan Hastings, U. S. A.

MILES. This is our man. Let the other poor fellow go.

*(KITTY gets close to STANLEY, then suddenly seizes his hand and kisses it.)*

KITTY (*aside to STANLEY*). Oh, Bob, you're just splendid!

*(KITTY back to ARNOLD, near R. STANLEY looks much surprised at first, then smiles and kisses his own hand where KITTY'S lips touched it. Then SERGEANT and SOLDIERS close about him, obeying a gesture from MILES, and all march out C. D., MILES last, and he bows with much courtesy to all as he goes. As STANLEY passes ARNOLD the old man silently blesses him. Music pp.)*

SLOW ACT DROP



### ACT III

SCENE.—*The encampment of the 2d Division, 5th Corps, detached from Sheridan's army; MAJ.-GEN. DOUGLAS commanding. The camp is about ten miles from Appomattox Court House, Virginia. Date, April 9th, 1865, i. e., the day of Lee's surrender. Hour, just before sunrise. Stage is clear, except at L. 2 E. is the tent of GEN. DOUGLAS; and close to it, down, is a small portable table, with telegraph instruments, field electric batteries, etc. A telegraph wire stretches across the stage, about ten feet in air. The back cloth is painted to show the camp.*

*(Curtain discovers stage dark, with a faint glow in the east—the back—which steadily increases until sunrise. SENTRY is pacing up and down in front of the tent, and TELEGRAPH OPERATOR is dozing with his head on the table. SENTRY rouses OPERATOR.)*

SENTRY. Wake up! Wake up! It's most sunrise!

OPERATOR *(rousing and stretching)*. It ain't. It'll be hours yet. Can't you leave a man be! *(Rises.)* Ah-h! I'm frozen stiff. Been on duty here for twelve hours straight.

*(Resumes seat. Enter DOUGLAS and WHITNEY, from tent. Both dressed in field uniform, overcoats, boots, swords.)*

DOUGLAS. Is the wire working yet, Operator?

OPERATOR. No, General. I've not been able to call General Grant's headquarters since 'leven o'clock last night, when the line was cut.

WHITNEY. By some Confederate scouting party, undoubtedly.

DOUGLAS. It is absolutely necessary that we re-establish communication with General Grant at once. Colonel Whitney!

WHITNEY. General!

DOUGLAS. Send out a strong party of men to repair this wire immediately.

WHITNEY. Very well, sir. I have only been waiting for daylight to do this.

*(Exit WHITNEY, R. Enter THORPE, L. As he advances, the SENTRY halts him.)*



*BETWEEN TWO FOES*

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SENTRY. Halt !

THORPE (*impatiently*). I must see General Douglas at once. I have important despatches.

DOUGLAS. Captain Thorpe ! What is it ?

THORPE (*saluting*). Orders from General Grant, sir.

DOUGLAS. Let me have them. (*Takes paper and reads.*) To Major-General John Douglas, Sir :—It is of the highest military importance that you hold your present position. An attempt will be made by the enemy to-day to break your line. You must check this at all cost. I will start McLean's division at daylight to reinforce you. The enemy cannot escape us now except by our own blunders. (*Signed.*) U. S. Grant, Lieut.-Gen. Commanding. (*Speaks.*) Very well, Captain. My compliments to General Grant, and say that we will "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

THORPE (*laughing*). General Grant will appreciate the message, I'm sure, sir. (*Salutes and goes L.*)

DOUGLAS (*recalling THORPE*). Captain ! What time did you leave headquarters ?

THORPE. About midnight. As soon as our telegraphic communication was broken the General directed me to get this order to you at any risk. Owing to the storm and darkness I have had great difficulty in finding your position ; and I was once compelled to ride straight through an encampment of the enemy who captured my two orderlies.

DOUGLAS. I will send an escort back with you if you wish it ?

THORPE. Thank you, General, but it will not be necessary ; and besides you will need every one of your men here before long.

DOUGLAS. At least you will take breakfast with us ?

THORPE. Why, thank you, General, I will accept a cup of coffee, for I'm beginning to feel a little weary.

(*Both move towards tent ; THORPE staggers ; DOUGLAS catches his arm ; THORPE groans.*)

DOUGLAS. What's the matter ? Why, you're wounded ! Your coat is all blood.

THORPE (*faintly*). A mere scratch—last night—most forgotten it.

DOUGLAS. Come. My surgeon must see this at once.

(*Exeunt both into tent. Broad daylight, sunrise. Bugle sounds the " Reveille." Then another and another takes it up, each fainter and fainter, as if farther away. Then the fifes and drums take up the signal, Enter*

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

*Guard-relief R. 3 E. The Relief consists of ten soldiers in uniform, without overcoats, arms at a carry. The CORPORAL in charge of squad marches at the rear, near left file. The CORPORAL of relieved guard marches at right of leading rank. Squad marches to centre.)*

CORPORAL. Relief—halt. (*Squad halts.*) Number two, arms—port.

*(At this command the SENTRY on duty and the soldier at head of relief both come to a port arms, and approach each other.)*

FIRST SENTRY. The countersign is Vicksburg.

SECOND SENTRY. Vicksburg.

*(The relieved SENTRY takes the other's place in the squad, and the new SENTRY assumes his position before the tent.)*

CORPORAL. Right shoulder arms—march.

*(The squad marches off stage at L. 3 E. Enter DOUGLAS and THORPE from tent. THORPE's left arm is bandaged and drawn out of coat sleeve.)*

DOUGLAS. I still think, Captain, you had better let me send one of my own staff to headquarters in your place.

THORPE. No, General, no. I'm all right now, I assure you. This scratch is nothing.

DOUGLAS. Dr. Fleming said you'd have bled to death in another hour.

THORPE. Well, I'm all right now, and by daylight the ride back is easy. (*Saluting.*) General.

DOUGLAS (*saluting*). Captain. (*Exit THORPE, R.*) Operator, you will not leave your instrument a moment until relieved. Let me know at once when communication is re-established.

OPERATOR. Yes, General.

*(Enter WHITNEY. Salutes.)*

WHITNEY. I have the honor to report, sir, that the party to repair the telegraph wire has started.

DOUGLAS. Very well. Now I wish you to post another line of pickets four hundred yards in advance of the present outposts, and entirely encircling the camp.

WHITNEY. Very good, sir.

DOUGLAS. Then despatch a troop of mounted men under Captain Merrill to make a reconnaissance along the Lanesville road.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

WHITNEY. Very good, General. Is that all?

DOUGLAS. No. Let Major Dana take his regiment of cavalry and make a general reconnaissance in force towards the southeast. He may use his own discretion as to the details, but he must not go more than three miles. Understand?

WHITNEY. I understand, sir. (*Salutes; goes R.*)

DOUGLAS. Colonel. (*WHITNEY returns.*) Also instruct the regimental commanders to get their men under arms at once; let them have breakfast, and supply them with forty rounds and three days' cooked rations.

WHITNEY. That means a march and a fight, sir?

DOUGLAS. Yes. Lee will probably attempt to break through our lines at this point some time to-day.

WHITNEY. But can he succeed, General?

DOUGLAS. We're here to prevent it, Colonel, and we're going to do it. That is all.

WHITNEY. Very good, sir.

(*Salute. Exit WHITNEY, R. Enter CORPORAL of the guard, L., with JOHNSON.*)

DOUGLAS. Is the line working yet, Operator?

OPERATOR. Not yet, General.

(*CORPORAL and JOHNSON down. Salute.*)

DOUGLAS. Well, Corporal, what is it?

CORPORAL. This man has been stopped by our videttes, sir, and he asked to be brought to you, sir.

DOUGLAS (*aside*). It is Johnson, my scout. (*Aloud.*) Very well, Corporal. I know the man. You may go. (*Exit CORPORAL, with salute, R. To JOHNSON, eagerly.*) Well, Johnson, what news have you?

JOHNSON (*drawling*). I've jist come through the rebel lines—General Gordon's headquarters, sir.

DOUGLAS. Where is he now?

JOHNSON. Near Planterstown, twelve miles from here. I left there 'bout 'n hour after midnight, an' I bin' travellin' ever sence. Terriblest, hardest time I ever experienced endurin' the war.

DOUGLAS. How many men has Gordon?

JOHNSON. 'Bout sixteen thousand, sir.

DOUGLAS. Do you know what his plans are?

JOHNSON. Wal, yes, purty near. I heerd it right straight last night that Lee had ordered him to jump at your line early to-day, and make an openin' fur th' rest of 'em to get through by.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

DOUGLAS (*aside*). That confirms General Grant's message. (*Aloud*.) In what shape are Gordon's men?

JOHNSON. Mighty tough shape, General. They're light of ammunition, clothes, grub and doggone near everythin' but grit. My, though! but they're a fightin' lot, fer a sure thing.

DOUGLAS. Did you hear exactly where the attack would be made?

JOHNSON. I did so. The talk at headquarters was thet Gordon was liable to start about daylight, and go ez fur ez he kin to the west, along the Lanesville road. When he's stopped he'll fight, and this'll give Lee a chance to slip in behind us.

(DOUGLAS opens map.)

DOUGLAS (*studying map*). On the Lanesville road?

JOHNSON (*looking over his shoulder*). There 'tis, General. (*Points*.) Here's Gordon, and here's us. Now don't you see, he's got six miles to go to reach the cross-roads, here; while we only got about three. So all we got to do is to git thar first, fortify, an' you got him jest whar the old 'coon had Towser. 'N thet ain't all of it, neither. We've got th' hull of Lee's army in th' same hole, from the commandin' general down to the littlest jackass.

DOUGLAS (*aside*). If I could only reach General Grant by telegraph! Is the line working yet, Operator?

OPERATOR. Not yet, General.

DOUGLAS (*excitedly, half aside*). Curse it! If I were only not tied down to this spot! Here is Gordon turning my left flank, Lee slipping out behind me, and I am powerless to stop them. Why has General Grant ordered me to remain here?

JOHNSON. Oh, he has, has he! Wal, General, I don't know why General Grant has ordered you to stay right here, but I do know he's got a mighty good reason fur it, somewhere. If old Useless told you to wait here fur orders, I guess you'd better stay here—and—wait—fur—orders.

DOUGLAS (*angrily*). That will do, my man. I don't require your advice. Is that all you've got to report?

JOHNSON. No, 'tain't.

DOUGLAS. Well, go on. What is it?

(*Enter WHITNEY, R.*)

JOHNSON. Wal, while I was hangin' round Gordon's headquarters last night, General, a scoutin' party fetched in a Union officer they ketched escapin' from Libby.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

DOUGLAS (*carelessly*). Did you learn his name?

JOHNSON. Wal, he *said* he was Colonel Hastings.

DOUGLAS (*startled*). Allan Hastings! Of my staff?

JOHNSON. Identical man, sir.

WHITNEY (*advancing*). Poor fellow! I'm afraid that's the last of him.

JOHNSON. Wal, yes, Colonel, I guess that's about so, fer I heerd the order given for to shoot him immediately.

WHITNEY. At midnight! You must be mistaken. Such a thing is unprecedented.

JOHNSON. I dunno jest what un—press—e—dented means, m'self, but I do know that the hull command was under orders to march before daylight; an' they was afeerd the prisoner might give 'em the slip agin, same as he done twice afore, if they didn't hurry up an' make sure.

DOUGLAS. Did you witness this execution yourself?

JOHNSON. Nope, I did not; an' I'll tell ye fur why. I did see the escort and firin' party marched out, an' I actually see 'em preparin' to blindfold the prisoner, when just about then—kerwhish! whush! bing! bang! rip! roar—I'm a nigger if a bully little Yankee officer on a rippin' bay hoss—oh, they was sure a dandy team—an' two orderlies behind him—well, if them three didn't ride hell fur leather plumb through the camp, knockin' down tents an' generals and privates, jest like a lot of nine-pins—ho! ho! ho! Every jackass a-brayin', an' every fool of a sentry a-loosin' off his rifle, 'parently aimin' at the noise. Ho! ho! ho! That little Yankee boy! he was sure a very game bird, an' he got away all right, but I guess the orderlies they was gobbled up. It was endurin' this confusion that I took the chanst to clear out. Ho! ho! ho! I just wisht I knew that bully little officer's name.

WHITNEY. It was undoubtedly Captain Thorpe, of General Grant's staff.

JOHNSON. Wal, now, he's a reg'lar Jim Dandy, whatever's his name, an' so's his hoss.

DOUGLAS. Therefore you did not see this execution yourself?

JOHNSON. No more'n what I've said, but I'd be willin' to swear it took place. Why, they was almost jest pullin' the triggers then. Oh, I tell ye, General, them fellers yonder are in desprit earnest now 'bout everythin'; and the day has come right now when one man's life don't count fer nothin' with them, while half an hour's lost time may mean an all-fired big lickin'. An' that's why I's sure that Colonel Hastings was shot 's if I see it done. They couldn't spare the



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

time not to do it. D'y'e see? An' more'n that, I hadn't been started five minutes when I heerd the firin' volley.

DOUGLAS. Yes, I believe you're right; there remains no more doubt that Colonel Hastings has been executed—illegally. Fall back. (JOHNSON *moves up*.) Colonel Whitney.

WHITNEY (*down to DOUGLAS*). Sir?

DOUGLAS. We have been holding Colonel Curtis for some time as a hostage for the safety of Colonel Hastings. We need do so no longer.

WHITNEY (*surprised*). Do you mean he is to be released?

DOUGLAS. No—shot—at once.

WHITNEY. Must we do that, General?

DOUGLAS. Yes.

WHITNEY. But it seems so brutal, now.

DOUGLAS. War itself is brutal, Colonel. The surest way to end it is—by more brutality.

WHITNEY. Besides, can you rely upon the absolute truth of this report? May not the scout be mistaken?

DOUGLAS. You have heard his story. I will answer for his accuracy with my life. In three years he has never once deceived me.

WHITNEY. But a short delay, sir—a day or two?

DOUGLAS. Impossible. (*Producing paper*.) Under this order of the Secretary of War I have absolutely no power to grant any delay. (*Reads*.) "As soon as you shall learn, officially or otherwise, that Colonel Allan Hastings, now under sentence of death in Richmond, has been executed by the Confederate authorities, you will at once retaliate by putting to death, in a similar manner, the officer held by you as his hostage." (*Folds paper*.) That's my warrant, Colonel, and it must be carried out—at once.

WHITNEY. But surely you can grant a few hours' delay, sir?

DOUGLAS. Not one moment's delay. In half an hour we may be engaged in pitched battle with the enemy.

WHITNEY. But, General—

DOUGLAS (*interrupting, sternly*). Colonel Whitney, I am in command here.

WHITNEY. I beg your pardon, sir.

DOUGLAS. It is a fearful thing to have to order the death of an innocent man, but it must be done, and I will not shrink from my responsibilities. We owe this to ourselves and—to the dead. Allan Hastings never did a dishonorable act in his life. We believe—we know—he was neither morally nor technically guilty of having violated his parole. But now he has suffered death upon that charge, and the only way we

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

can vindicate his good name and honor is—by instantly carrying out this order. There is no make-believe in War.

WHITNEY. You are right, General. It shall be done at once.

DOUGLAS. Waste no more time, sir, for we've none to spare.

WHITNEY. Ten minutes will suffice.

*(Salutes, goes R.)*

DOUGLAS. Colonel. (WHITNEY turns back part way to DOUGLAS.) I've been a soldier for more than forty years, and I know how all men dislike to be included in a firing squad. You will therefore have eight rifles loaded secretly—four with ball, and four with blank cartridges; and you will see that the men clearly understand this. I wish no one to feel sure that he has killed a brave enemy in such a manner.

WHITNEY. Very good, sir. I will have it done.

*(WHITNEY salutes and exit R.)*

DOUGLAS. Is the wire working yet, Operator?

OPERATOR. Not yet, General.

DOUGLAS (to JOHNSON). Have you anything more to say to me?

JOHNSON. Nothin', General.

DOUGLAS. Then you may go to your quarters and get breakfast.

*(JOHNSON salutes and exit, L. Enter MERRILL, R., hastily.)*

MERRILL (saluting). General.

DOUGLAS (eagerly). Captain Merrill! What is it?

MERRILL. I have the honor to report, sir, that I encountered the enemy in force on the Lanesville road, about three miles from here.

DOUGLAS (examining map). The scout is right! They are trying to flank us. How large was the force, Captain?

MERRILL. Ten or twelve thousand, I estimated, sir.

DOUGLAS. Which way were they moving?

MERRILL. They were halted in column of march, headed this way, but standing at ease as if resting. Their advance fired on us and I lost two men.

DOUGLAS. Very good, Captain. Is that all?

MERRILL. Yes, General.



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(*He salutes and retires up to L. 3 E. Enter WHITNEY, right. Down.*)

DOUGLAS. Hurry forward this execution, Colonel. The enemy are already advancing.

MERRILL. Hark ! here comes the guard now, sir.

(*Music of "Dead March in Saul" off R. DOUGLAS up near tent, is joined there by his staff, including WHITNEY and MERRILL. Enter a detachment of troops, arms reversed. They range themselves along upper and right sides of stage, forming two sides of a hollow square. Then enter: First, the PROVOST MARSHAL; second, a military band, playing the Dead March. (Or fifes and drums, with drums muffled.) Third, the firing party of eight, arms at a carry. Fourth, four soldiers without arms, carrying a rough pine coffin.\* Fifth, the prisoner, CURTIS, without coat or waistcoat, a white bandage over his forehead, ready to be slipped down over his eyes. Sixth, an escort of eight men. As CURTIS passes the GENERAL and staff he salutes them with dignity; GENERAL returns the salute. Then he goes to L. F. and stands by the side of his coffin. The music ceases, and all the troops come to a carry arms. The bearers of the coffin fall back in the line at right, and the firing squad go to R. F. of stage, and are drawn up in line opposite CURTIS, who appears perfectly unconcerned. The escort range across upper end of stage, facing front. Then the PROVOST MARSHAL advances to CURTIS.*)

CURTIS (*indicating the coffin*). Is this for me, Captain ?

PROVOST MARSHAL. Yes, Colonel.

CURTIS (*thoughtfully*). It seems a trifle short. Still, it may answer.

PROVOST MARSHAL (*with emotion*). Is there anything more you wish to say to me, sir, before— ?

CURTIS. Before I am shot ? I thank you, nothing, except to remind you to care for my papers and personal effects.

PROVOST MARSHAL. That shall be done, I pledge my honor. But is there nothing more, Colonel ?

CURTIS. Yes, one thing—I beseech you, make haste, make haste. Suspense is worse than a thousand deaths.

PROVOST MARSHAL. I will, Colonel.

DOUGLAS (*to OPERATOR*). Is the line working yet, Operator ?

OPERATOR. Not yet, General.

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\* Amateurs objecting to the introduction of the coffin may readily omit it by making slight change in the text.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(PROVOST MARSHAL *starts to blindfold* CURTIS.)

CURTIS (*protesting*). No, Captain. I'm not afraid to look death in the face.

PROVOST MARSHAL. I'm sorry, sir, but your eyes must be bandaged.

(*Enter* ARNOLD, L. 2 E. *His dress is muddy, and he is greatly excited.*)

ARNOLD. Where is he? Where's my boy, Dick? (*Sees* CURTIS.) Merciful God! (*Embraces him.*) Oh, Dick, Dick! My poor boy! Has it come to this at last?

CURTIS. Hush! Hush, uncle!

PROVOST MARSHAL (*to* ARNOLD *sternly*). You have no business here, sir. Step back! (*Takes his arm.*)

ARNOLD (*resisting*). I will not go.

CURTIS. Hush! One moment, Captain. Allow us a last word together? He is a clergyman, and—an—old—friend.

PROVOST MARSHAL. Yes, Colonel, but the time is very short.

(*He retires a little up.*)

ARNOLD. Ah, why will they not take me? It is murder to slay you thus, my poor boy!

CURTIS. Be calm, uncle. They will not harm me.

ARNOLD. Not harm you, Dick! What do you mean?

CURTIS. They dare not.

ARNOLD. Then why are you here? What mean these solemn ceremonies? Why are those men drawn up as if to shoot you? Don't deceive me, Dick, in God's name, don't deceive me.

(*ARNOLD affected.*)

CURTIS (*aside*). I cannot tell him the truth, I shall break down. (*Aloud.*) No, they're only trying to frighten me into giving information about General Lee's army. It's a silly trick, but I've found them out, you see. (*Aside.*) Heaven forgive the lie! Only my poor old uncle would believe such a story.

ARNOLD. Then you're not a hostage for Allan Hastings?

CURTIS. Not now. They tell me that he no longer needs a hostage. (*Aside.*) Dead, God keep his soul—and mine.

ARNOLD (*aside*). I'm thankful to hear he is safe. I could not find him in the dark last night.

WHITNEY (*down, to* PROVOST MARSHAL). Captain, General Douglas directs you to proceed with this execution at once.

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

PROVOST MARSHAL. Very well, sir. (*To CURTIS.*) The time is up, Colonel.

CURTIS. One little minute more. (*To ARNOLD.*) Say good-bye to Agnes and Kitty for me.

ARNOLD (*alarmed*). Good-bye! what do you mean?

CURTIS (*quickly*). I mean, till we meet again—till we meet again.

ARNOLD. Yes, yes, of course. I understand. But you're sure they will not harm you now, my boy?

CURTIS. I'm not the man to be frightened, am I?

ARNOLD (*laughing softly*). No, no, no, you're not the man for that, Dick. You were never afraid of anything, were you? Not even of me, eh? Ha, ha, ha!

CURTIS (*aside*). I can stand this suspense no longer. (*To ARNOLD.*) Stand back now, uncle. It will soon be over. A kiss for Agnes and Kitty, and good-bye—I mean *au revoir*, *au revoir*.

ARNOLD. *Au revoir*, my boy. Don't flinch now, and show them the true spirit of Old Virginia. Ha, ha, ha! *Au revoir*! They can't frighten you, can they? Ha, ha, ha!

(*ARNOLD retires up and L., about L. 2 E., and watches what follows with very evident amusement, even laughing outright at times, though quietly. Every one else on stage is deeply affected. Make this contrast very apparent and strong to the front.*)

CURTIS (*to PROVOST MARSHAL*). Now I am ready, Captain.

(*PROVOST MARSHAL endeavors to blindfold CURTIS, but he is so agitated that he drops the bandage twice.*)

CURTIS. Your hand trembles. Let me do it.

(*CURTIS fastens bandage over his own eyes.*)

CURTIS. Now may I trouble you to lead me to my place? I cannot see. (*PROVOST MARSHAL seats him on the coffin.*) Thank you.

PROVOST MARSHAL. Are you ready, Colonel?

CURTIS. Quite ready.

PROVOST MARSHAL (*to firing squad*). Men, you will each aim at the prisoner's heart, and fire at the word.

CURTIS (*aside*). Ah! why don't they hurry?

(*An instant of perfect silence now. Then the telegraph instrument is heard ticking loudly. At this instant HASTINGS forces his way upon the stage, at L. 3 E., and stands in plain sight of audience, half dazed.*)

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

PROVOST MARSHAL (*looking away from CURTIS*). Ready?

HASTINGS (*aside, hoarsely*). Who is this—Curtis!

PROVOST MARSHAL. Aim!—

HASTINGS. Hold, I say!

(HASTINGS rushes in front of CURTIS. All this time the telegraph instrument is ticking very loudly.)

PROVOST MARSHAL. Fire!

(At this command two rifles, and only two, are discharged, exactly as HASTINGS reaches a position in front of CURTIS, so that he himself receives the shots. He reels and falls heavily at the feet of CURTIS, and instantly the OPERATOR rushes down to C. F., waving a paper and shouting.)

OPERATOR. Stop! stop! The white flag is up! Lee has surrendered.

(CURTIS tears off the bandage and raises HASTINGS in his arms. ARNOLD kneels at his side.)

ARNOLD (*reverently*). Too late! O God, too late! Thy will be done. (*Tableau.*)

SLOW ACT DROP

## ACT IV

SCENE.—*The great hall of the Curtis mansion, situated a few miles from Appomattox Court House. The house is being used as the headquarters of GENERAL DOUGLAS. The stage shows a deep room, with a wide door at centre in flat, through which can be seen a lawn, thickly planted with trees and flowers; and beyond this, a glimpse of the turnpike. Starting between L. 1 E. and L. 2 E. is an old style practicable staircase, with a landing up about five steps and a door at top. Opening into the hall are doors at R. 2 E., L. 3 E. and L. 1 E. An old-fashioned fireplace at R. 1 E. The woodwork and furniture are all in the early colonial style. Date of act, April 10th, 1865, one day later than Act III. Hour, just before sunset. As the act progresses a brilliant sunset becomes visible through C. D., followed by a soft gray twilight to curtain.*

(*Curtain discovers GENERAL DOUGLAS seated at a table near R. F., writing. The table is littered with books, papers, surgical instrument case, sword and belt, etc. An ORDERLY stands near C. D., and just outside the door is seen an armed SENTRY pacing back and forth. As curtain rises a bugle is heard without, sounding the Assembly.*)

DOUGLAS. Orderly, take this paper to Colonel Whitney, with my compliments.

ORDERLY (*taking paper; saluting*). Yes, sir.

(*Exit ORDERLY, C. D. Enter FLEMING by the staircase. He goes to DOUGLAS.*)

DOUGLAS. Ah, Doctor. How is Colonel Hastings this evening?

FLEMING. No better, General.

DOUGLAS. Do you consider his condition serious?

FLEMING. Yes, almost critical. How he escaped instant death yesterday I cannot see.

DOUGLAS. Yet the explanation is really very simple. The men in the firing squad were so disconcerted by the

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sudden appearance of Colonel Hastings that only two obeyed the order to fire; and by a strange and most fortunate chance, only one of those muskets was loaded with ball cartridge.

FLEMING. And it was that bullet which wounded him in the shoulder.

DOUGLAS. Yes; but that cannot be a dangerous injury?

FLEMING. No; of itself it is not. But I have just noticed some new symptoms which cause me grave anxiety.

DOUGLAS. You alarm me, Doctor. What are they?

(*Enter ORDERLY, C. D.*)

FLEMING. He is delirious at intervals, with a high fever, and then he seems to be haunted by an overwhelming dread of some terrible disaster. He has many of the preliminary symptoms of brain fever, yet in some respects I am much puzzled about him. Will you allow your Orderly to carry a message for me?

DOUGLAS. Most assuredly. Orderly! (*ORDERLY advances.*)

FLEMING (*to ORDERLY*). My compliments to Brigade Surgeon Morris, and ask him to meet me here in an hour. I wish to consult with him in the case of Colonel Hastings.

ORDERLY. Very good, sir. (*Salutes; exit L.*)

DOUGLAS. Will you keep me informed of any changes in Colonel Hastings's condition, Doctor?

FLEMING. I will, General—constantly.

DOUGLAS. Thank you. Good-evening, Doctor.

FLEMING. Good-evening, General.

(*Exit FLEMING, R.*)

DOUGLAS (*solus; tenderly*). Poor boy! If there was only something I could do to help him! (*Wipes his eyes. Then impatiently.*) Well, well, what a fool I am again! Worrying over matters that don't concern me in the least! Anyone would think I cared about the lad, and all the time it's not of the—slightest importance—whether—my old heart—breaks—or not. There, there, I won't allow such trifles to annoy me. (*Sits and writes. Enter ORDERLY, L. D.*) Well?

ORDERLY. Dr. Morris's compliments, sir, and he'll do himself the honor to meet Dr. Fleming here in an hour.

DOUGLAS (*impatiently*). Humph! Go back and tell him he needn't come. I've changed my mind.

ORDERLY. Very good, sir.



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(ORDERLY goes to L. D. DOUGLAS calls him.)

DOUGLAS. Orderly !

ORDERLY. Sir !

DOUGLAS. Where are you going ?

ORDERLY. To Dr. Morris, sir.

DOUGLAS. Well, don't ! D'ye hear ? Stay where you are.

ORDERLY. Very good, sir.

(ORDERLY resumes his place near C. D. DOUGLAS writes. The sound of talking just outside C. D. SENTRY is seen to stop three people. DOUGLAS is visibly irritated by the noise.)

DOUGLAS (*testily, throwing down pen*). Confound that noise ! My compliments out there, Orderly, and say that row must be stopped. (*Exit ORDERLY, C. D.*) Can't I have one moment's peace ! (*Enter ORDERLY.*) Well, what is it ?

ORDERLY. Three civilians outside, sir, wish permission—

DOUGLAS. No use, no use. Can't permit any one. (*Brief pause; he writes.*) What do they want ?

ORDERLY. They asked to see the general commanding, sir, or the medical director, sir.

DOUGLAS. Humph ! Did they ? Well, I can't see them. (*Aside.*) Such cases are coming to me all the time, and they're generally such sad ones, that—that I always make a—*a fool of myself.* (*Aloud.*) Send them to the—the hospital steward.

ORDERLY. Very good, sir. (*Goes slowly, C. D.*)

DOUGLAS (*aside, thoughtfully*). They want some assistance ! Perhaps they are starving. (*Aloud, impatiently to ORDERLY.*) Here, here, here, what do you mean by running off like that, before I've half finished ? Who are these people ? Where do they come from ? Why don't you speak up ?

ORDERLY. There is an old man, sir, and two women and a sick baby, sir. They say they live near here, sir.

DOUGLAS. Humph ! Frauds, of course ! (*A pause; then impatiently.*) Well, what are you waiting for ?

ORDERLY. Nothing, sir.

(*Exit C. D.*)

DOUGLAS (*speaking and writing alternately*). A sick baby, he said ! I haven't seen a baby since I held on my knees my own little grandson, whose—father—died at Gettysburg. (*Wipes his eyes.*) Ah, well ! That's over now, yet if the fortunes of war had been changed, it might

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be my own flesh and blood, who, in his mother's arms, comes begging for—a crust. (*Sniffs.*) There, there! What an old fool I am! (*Sniffs.*) Humph! I'm blessed if that isn't a tear! (*Writes.*)

(*Enter ORDERLY, C. D. DOUGLAS starts several times to speak to him, then at last.*)

DOUGLAS. Orderly!

ORDERLY. Sir?

DOUGLAS. Did you—tell those people to—go to blazes?

ORDERLY. Yes, sir.

DOUGLAS. Then why don't you bring them in here? Well, well, what are you staring at? Bring them in here, I say!

ORDERLY. Very good, sir.

(*Exit ORDERLY, C. D.*)

(*DOUGLAS writes at table. Enter ORDERLY, C. D. followed by AGNES, KITTY and ARNOLD, who carries child.*)

ARNOLD (*to AGNES*). Courage, my child, courage. Sit here and rest a moment.

(*AGNES sits, taking child on her knee. The other two near her; ORDERLY at C. D.*)

DOUGLAS (*not looking up, gruffly*). Well, what do you want?

ARNOLD (*with dignity*). Sir, we ask nothing for ourselves, but for this helpless babe, whose tiny life is swiftly fading away—

DOUGLAS (*writing*). There! That will do! I haven't time to hear your story. (*Aside.*) Know I should make a fool of myself if I did. (*Aloud.*) You must apply to the Commissary of Subsistence. I have nothing to do with these cases. (*Aside.*) I will be firm.

(*He turns. Simultaneous recognition between DOUGLAS, AGNES and KITTY.*)

AGNES. You, General!

DOUGLAS. Agnes Hastings! (*Aside.*) With a child in her arms! (*He beckons to ORDERLY.*) My compliments to Dr. Fleming, and will he be good enough to step here at once? Quick!

(*ORDERLY salutes and exit, R.*)

AGNES (*with emotion*). General—Allan—my husband—tell me, is he—he is not dead?

DOUGLAS. No, not dead, but gravely ill.

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AGNES. Then I must go to him. Where is he? Tell me where he is?

DOUGLAS. He is here—in this house.

AGNES. Here! at home! Oh, Kitty! Come with me to see Allan.

DOUGLAS. You cannot go. The surgeon forbids it. (*Aside.*) I'd rather bring these two together than win a battle—and I'll do it too. (*Aloud, coldly.*) If this is all you have to say to me I'll bid you good-evening, as I'm very busy. (*Turns away.*)

AGNES. Ah, General, may I not see my husband?

DOUGLAS. Certainly not. Good-evening. (*Aside.*) Why doesn't Fleming hurry?

ARNOLD. Come, my child. The baby shall not die. We will beg at another door. Come. (*He takes child.*)

(*They turn slowly towards C. D. Business of DOUGLAS starting several times to check them.*)

DOUGLAS. Stop! (*He goes to them.*) Is the baby very ill?

ARNOLD. We fear he may be—dying.

DOUGLAS. Good God! give him to me. (*Takes child very tenderly. Aside.*) Hush, hush! Oh, yes, here I am, going it again!

(*Enter FLEMING and ORDERLY, R.*)

FLEMING. You sent for me, General?

DOUGLAS (*to FLEMING*). Yes. Cure this child instantly.

FLEMING (*inspecting child in DOUGLAS'S arms*). Poor little chap! He seems very weak.

DOUGLAS. Well, Doctor?

FLEMING (*to DOUGLAS*). The child appears to be simply suffering from lack of nourishment—starving. (*Shakes his head.*)

AGNES. Doctor, don't tell me he will die.

DOUGLAS (*gruffly*). Why should he? Do you want him to tell a lie? (*To FLEMING.*) Will he live?

(*FLEMING nods.*)

AGNES (*eagerly*). Then you can save his life.

DOUGLAS. Not unless you keep still! Look at me! (*He observes her intently; then the others.*) That will do. (*Aside.*) They're all suffering from the same disease—hunger. Thank Heaven I know how to cure that.

FLEMING. (*addressing AGNES*) The condition of your

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child is not serious, madam, and will yield readily to simple treatment.

DOUGLAS (*aside*). A square meal.

FLEMING. Give him plenty of nourishing food—

ARNOLD. Ah, Doctor, that is the very thing we have not got.

DOUGLAS. Will you be quiet, sir? Go on, Doctor.

FLEMING (*writing*). This prescription will be sufficient. (*As if to hand paper to ARNOLD.*)

DOUGLAS. Let me see it. (*Takes it and reads aside.*)

RECIPE.

Chicken Broth . . . . 4 oz.

Beef tea . . . . . 6 oz.

Pure milk . . . . . q. s.—(quantum suf.)

Sig.—This to be taken by each patient in one dose, and repeated as often as possible.

[Signed.]

GEORGE FLEMING,  
Medical Director, 2d Div.

DOUGLAS (*aside to FLEMING*). Add to that, Doctor: "If they want anything else to eat let 'em have it." (*FLEMING writes. DOUGLAS hands child to AGNES.*) Here's your child, madam. Doctor, will you do me the favor to see this—prescription administered yourself?

FLEMING. With pleasure, General. But who are they?

DOUGLAS. The wife and child of Colonel Hastings. He has never seen the baby.

FLEMING (*aside*). Indeed! I think I can make a new diagnosis in his case now. (*To AGNES.*) This way, madam.

AGNES. Ah, General, how can I ever thank you—?

DOUGLAS (*gruffly*). You can't! Don't try! Good-evening! (*Aside.*) In another minute I shall be making a fool of myself.

AGNES. But may I—not see—Allan—before I—

DOUGLAS. Certainly not! Good-evening! The door there, Orderly.

FLEMING (*at R. D.*). Will you come with me, madam?

(*Exeunt KITTY, AGNES with child, and FLEMING, R., slowly. As ARNOLD starts to follow them, DOUGLAS stops him.*)

DOUGLAS. Stop! Where are you going?

ARNOLD (*surprised*). Dear me! I was simply going to—

DOUGLAS. Well, I forbid you. What do you mean by this conduct, sir? What do you mean?

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ARNOLD. Why—why—really I—I—don't—understand.

DOUGLAS. Stuff, sir! And nonsense! Nonsense, I say! Stop! Not another word. Why don't you answer my question?

ARNOLD. But really, I must beg that you will—

DOUGLAS. Tell you I don't believe a word of it! Confound you, Harry, do you mean to say you don't remember me?

ARNOLD (*almost speechless*). Dear—me!

DOUGLAS. Come, come, Harry, this won't do! I'm up to your little game. (*Nudges him.*) Eh, eh!

ARNOLD (*aside*). Bless my soul! Is the man crazy? (*Aloud.*) Really, sir, you have the—the advantage of me, I think.

DOUGLAS. I know it. First time in my life, though. Harry, my boy, don't you remember that tremendous thrashing you gave me, once, eh?

ARNOLD (*beginning to recognize; eagerly*). Yes, yes! I al-most do.

DOUGLAS (*drily*). I thought you would. I do—quite. And the times when we used to run away from school and go swimming together?

ARNOLD (*eagerly*). Yes, yes, it al-most seems to me that—

DOUGLAS. And the day you pulled me out of the water and saved my life? Don't you remember that, Harry, don't you remember that?

ARNOLD. Bless my soul! Why, it's little Jack Douglas!

(*They embrace and laugh till their voices break with emotion, when they turn away and wipe their eyes furtively.*)

DOUGLAS. Yes, I'm little Jack Douglas, and you're gay young Harry Arnold. (*Both show emotion again.*)

ARNOLD. But bless me, Jack, how you have grown in the last forty years.

DOUGLAS. Fifty years, Harry, fifty.

ARNOLD. So it is! so it is! Fifty years ago. (*Wipes his eyes.*) There, there, how silly I'm becoming in my old age.

DOUGLAS. What of it? Nothing does a man more good than to make a downright fool of himself now and then. I'm always doing it. Doing it now, by Jove! (*Emotion.*)

(*They sit close together at front.*)



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ARNOLD. Now, to see us two old fogies together at this moment, Jack, no one would ever think there had been a cruel war—

DOUGLAS. Stop, Harry! The war is over now, and we must forget it. Come with me, my boy, and we'll see how that blessed baby of ours is getting on, eh?

ARNOLD. Aye, so we will! But—er—Jack! (*Faintly.*)

DOUGLAS. Eh?

ARNOLD. Do you think you could—spare me—a—cracker—and a glass of water?

DOUGLAS (*astonished*). A—what?

ARNOLD. I haven't eaten anything since yesterday, and I'm beginning to feel a little—faint.

DOUGLAS. Not a cracker, sir!

ARNOLD. But Jack—!

DOUGLAS. No, sir. You're going to have roast beef, terrapin, plum pudding and port wine. Come with me! (*Dragging him R.*) How dare you be hungry in my presence, sir? How dare you be—

(*Exeunt both, L. Enter KITTY, R.*)

KITTY. Uncle Henry not here! (*Sits, R. F.*) Oh, I wonder what has become of poor Bob. I haven't dared to ask for fear they should tell me he was dead. (*Emotion.*) Bob! Bob! My heart is breaking!

(*Enter STANLEY, C. D., in a very dilapidated condition.*)

STANLEY (*quietly*). D-did any one c-call me just now?

KITTY. Bob! (*Joyfully.*) Bob Stanley!

STANLEY (*down*). How-de-do, Miss Kitty?

KITTY (*to him; affectionately*). Oh, Bob, I'm so glad to see you!

STANLEY (*calmly*). Tha-anks. Awf'ly kind of you, weally, yes.

KITTY (*more distantly*). And I hope you're quite well?

STANLEY. Oh, awf'ly well, tha-anks. My clothes are a little dusty, my shoes are not twins—I mean one of them isn't—but the other is—I haven't eaten anything for three or four—weeks; and I've got a bullet in my arm; but otherwise I'm feeling awf'ly jolly.

KITTY (*sympathetically*). Oh, are you wounded, Bob?

STANLEY. Why, yes, sometimes I think I am. (*Winces with pain.*)

KITTY. I'm so sorry. Let me call the surgeon.

STANLEY (*quickly*). No, thank you.

KITTY. But he's such a very nice old gentleman.



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STANLEY. I can't imagine any surgeon being a nice old gentleman. B-r-r-r! (*Shudders.*)

KITTY. Well, then, let me see your arm. (*She touches it; he winces with pain.*) Oh! Did I hurt you?

STANLEY (*almost breathless with pain*). Oh—h, no, you—you didn't—hurt me—at all. I—I rather like it—now and then. Yes.

(*Enter FLEMING, R.*)

FLEMING. Major Stanley! Alive!

STANLEY. Er—partly.

(*He groans as FLEMING shakes his hand.*)

KITTY. Doctor, Major Stanley is terribly wounded, and you must examine his arm at once.

FLEMING. With great pleasure. (*Opens case of instruments on table.*)

STANLEY. I say, look here, Doctor, are all those weapons going to be necessary?

FLEMING. Certainly. Come, let me see your arm. (*Rolls up sleeves and selects an instrument.*) Aha, my boy, we'll soon fix you up.

STANLEY (*to KITTY*). I say, Kitty, I wish he wasn't so deuced jolly over this. I don't see anything funny about it.

FLEMING. Come, come, which arm is it?

STANLEY. I'm trying to think. It's either my wight or—or my—er—the other one. Try this. (*He extends right arm.*)

FLEMING (*hurriedly examining arm*). Why, there's nothing the matter with this arm. What do you mean, sir?

STANLEY. Thousand pardons! Must be the other. Try this.

(*STANLEY extends left arm on table. KITTY close to him at his right. During this scene FLEMING is dressing the wound while STANLEY is trying to make love to KITTY. Make the surgery very realistic.*)

FLEMING (*uncovering arm*). Hm! hm—! (*Shakes his head.*) Tut, tut! Phew! (*Whistles softly.*)

STANLEY. What's the matter, Doctor? Did I hurt you?

FLEMING. No.

STANLEY. Pleased to hear it. Miss Kitty, when a fellah—when a fellah wants to tell a—(*Groans.*)

FLEMING. How long ago were you wounded, Major?

STANLEY. About a year—I mean yesterday. (*FLEMING shakes his head.*) Why, did you think it ought to be longer? Yes?

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FLEMING. No. And has your arm had no attention meantime?

STANLEY. Well, rather. It's had all my attention, every living minute of the time. (*Groans.*)

KITTY (*sympathetically*). Oh, what is the matter?

STANLEY. N-nothing. I hope I'm not hurting you any more than I can help, Doctor.

FLEMING. This operation may be a trifle painful, Major.

STANLEY (*half aside*). A twifle painful! Whew!

FLEMING. Perhaps I'd better give you chloroform?

STANLEY. No, talk to me. It'll come to the same thing. Yes.

FLEMING. All right. I can stand it if you can.

(*He proceeds with the dressing.*)

STANLEY (*groaning*). Ah-h, Doctor, every now and then I—I know you're—there.

FLEMING (*gruffly*). Will you be quiet? (*Aside.*) Poor boy!

STANLEY. Wouldn't it save trouble if you were to cut it off, you know?

KITTY (*firmly*). No, he shall not! Tell me how you escaped, Bob.

STANLEY. Oh, that was awf'ly easy. Those fellahs over there they told me they were goin' to shoot me, you know, because—because—wait!—oh, yes, I remember—because I was another fellah altogether—Colonel Hastings, don't you know—and so I just wan away. I consider it a perfectly pwoper thing, don't you know, to—to wun away when you don't want to be shot, don't you? (*Groans.*)

FLEMING. Do I hurt, Major?

STANLEY. No-o, you t-tickle. B-r-r-r! (*Shivers.*)

KITTY. Well, and then what?

STANLEY. Let's see. Oh, that's all; only while I was wun-ning away some—some fellahs fired off their guns at me, and hit me in the arm. (*Groans.*) Won't you twy the other one a little while now, Doctor, and give this a west?

FLEMING. This does very well. I'm not particular.

STANLEY. Ye-es, that's just what I think. (*Very tenderly.*) Er—I say, Miss Kitty, do you wemember that time when I couldn't wemember the name of the fellah in our wegiment who was such a particularly big ass because he fell in love with you, eh?

KITTY. Yes, I do. (*Aside.*) He's going to propose at last.

STANLEY. I thought you would. Well, it's awf'ly funny, don't you know, but I can't wemember it even yet. He, he!

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KITTY (*aside*). Oh, dear, he's so provoking.

FLEMING (*finishing operation*). There you are, Major. Now for a sling.

KITTY. Take this. (*She hands FLEMING either her hat or apron; he tears off strings, etc., and makes sling.*)

FLEMING (*finishing sling*). Can you feel that now?

STANLEY. Why, it's all feel, from here to here. Am I going to lose it?

FLEMING. Oh, no, the wound isn't very serious.

STANLEY (*bitterly*). Oh, isn't it! Well, it has hurt enough to be fatal.

(*Enter ORDERLY, C. D.*)

ORDERLY. General Douglas's compliments, sir, and can he see you at Commissary headquarters?

FLEMING. Yes—my compliments—at once. (*Exit ORDERLY, C. D. Aside to STANLEY.*) There's the bullet, Major. Keep it for your children to cut their teeth on. And if you haven't proposed to her by the time I return, I'll operate on your other arm.

STANLEY (*to FLEMING*). Faith, I don't know which is the worst.

(*Exit FLEMING, C. D. A short pause, embarrassed, follows.*)

KITTY (*sighing*). Oh—dear!

STANLEY. I—I beg pardon, but were you speaking to me?

KITTY (*mimicking*). I—I beg pardon, but I was not. (*Aside*). If he would only jump right up and kiss me, and get it over quick, it would be a heap sight nicer. For it's got to come.

(*She rises and walks about the stage, assuming an air of great indifference and even scorn towards STANLEY, who follows her meekly, and shows that he is very much depressed.*)

STANLEY (*nervously*). Er—Kitty—Kitty.

KITTY (*coldly*). If you were addressing me, sir, my name is Miss Kate Curtis. (*Aside.*) I allow that ought to fetch him, straight.

STANLEY (*aside*). Oh, it's no use! She doesn't care for me! (*Aloud.*) Miss Curtis—I was just going to—to—say—

KITTY (*quickly*). What?

STANLEY. G—good-bye!

KITTY. Oh, is that all? Well, g—good-bye!

(*STANLEY takes a few steps towards C. D., then staggers.*)

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STANLEY. Ah! My—my head! I'm—I'm growing—faint! I'm—falling! Kitty! I—love—you!

*(He falls with a groan, near C.)*

KITTY *(springing to him)*. Oh, Bob! What is it? Are you hurt? He's fainted! Quick, some water!

*(She hurriedly gets a pail of water and a tin dipper, then sits on stage, and, taking STANLEY'S head on her lap, pours water over him, rocking to and fro in agitation.)*

KITTY. Wake up, Bob dear, wake up! Oh, there isn't half enough water here! *(Kisses him.)* Poor boy! How I love him!

STANLEY *(suddenly sitting up and kissing her)*. Then that makes it a stand-off, Kitty, for I love you, don't you know.

*(KITTY is startled, gives a little scream, and spills water down STANLEY'S neck. He shivers and sneezes.)*

KITTY. Oh, Bob dear, are you wet clear through?

STANLEY. No, Kitty, only to the skin. It hasn't got inside of that—yet. *(They rise.)*

KITTY. How funny you are! Kiss me, a sure-enough one this time.

STANLEY *(kissing her)*. There, that's just right at last, isn't it? Yes. *(Puts his well arm about her waist.)*

KITTY *(demurely)*. Well, you seem to think it's settled, anyhow. But I say, Bob!

STANLEY. Well?

KITTY. It's right lucky for you that both your arms aren't hurt, or where'd you be now, eh?

STANLEY. Well, if you come to that where'd you be yourself?

KITTY *(with sigh of satisfaction)*. Yes, that's certainly so. *(Sentimentally.)* Now, Bob, what do you want more than anything else in this world?

STANLEY *(matter-of-fact tone)*. Something to eat.

KITTY. Oh, you poor boy! Of course you do. Come with me!

*(She drags him off, L. CURTIS and HASTINGS are seen coming slowly down the stairs. CURTIS supports HASTINGS, who appears very weak. They pause a moment on the landing.)*

CURTIS. Pray don't go down, Allan. You're not strong enough yet.

HASTINGS. I must, Dick. *(They descend.)* I must go to

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

Agnes—to my wife. (*He sits.*) Did you know I had a son, Dick? Such a brave little man! God bless him! I'm going to find them now.

(*He half rises, with difficulty.*)

CURTIS. Let me find them, Allan.

HASTINGS. No, no! It will not be the same. They are mine—not yours. Tell me, Dick, have you seen my boy?

CURTIS. Yes.

HASTINGS. Does he look like his mother? It was so—so dark—that night I could not tell. I hope he will look like his mother, Dick?

CURTIS. Yes, but like you too, Allan.

HASTINGS. I'd rather he'd look like Agnes. Poor girl! How she has suffered! Will she ever forgive me? Get me a horse, Dick. I'm going to find her.

CURTIS. You must not! Take my advice—

HASTINGS (*sternly*). I want a horse—not advice.

CURTIS. Very well. (*Aside.*) It's the doctor I'll get for him first.

(*Exit, C. D.*)

HASTINGS (*endeavoring vainly to stand*). How weak I am this evening! If I could only see Agnes and our boy once more! (*Enter AGNES, R. D. He sees her.*) Agnes! Have you come back to me at last, my darling? Come back to me at last?

(*Rises and sinks back.*)

AGNES (*impulsively*). Allan! (*With restraint.*) They—they told me you were—very ill.

HASTINGS. No, it is nothing. See! I am quite strong, now. (*Vainly attempts to rise.*) Ah! I cannot!

(*Enter DOUGLAS and ARNOLD, L. D.*)

AGNES (*aside*). How worn and haggard he looks! It is pitiful! Why cannot I ask him to forgive me?

(*She weeps silently.*)

DOUGLAS (*aside to ARNOLD*). So they've not made it up yet! I must see what a little military strategy will do. Harry, do just as I tell you, now.

ARNOLD. All right, Jack.

DOUGLAS (*gruffly*). Well, I have done all I can for you now, madam. You must be outside the lines by sunset. We allow no camp followers here.



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ARNOLD (*bewildered*). Eh ! I don't understand.

DOUGLAS. Don't be a fool, Harry. Abuse me ! Abuse me like thunder !

ARNOLD. Dear me ! I don't know how !

DOUGLAS. You must !

ARNOLD (*aside*). This is very distressing ! (*Aloud*.) Sir ! do you—you consider that this is—this is manly or—or—I say, sir, is this manly or generous ?

DOUGLAS (*to* ARNOLD). Ha, ha ! Go on ! Say it's brutal, Harry ! Ha, ha !

ARNOLD (*aside*). Oh, dear me ! I can't !

HASTINGS. Surely, General, you cannot mean to drive these people away from their own home ?

DOUGLAS. I do.

HASTINGS. But see ! This is Agnes—my wife. Cannot she stay here—with me ?

DOUGLAS. Certainly not ! She is no longer your wife.

AGNES (*aside, startled*). What does he mean ?

DOUGLAS (*to* ARNOLD). Aha ! it is working ! call me a scoundrel, Harry ! Call me a damned scoundrel !

ARNOLD (*aside*). Bless my soul ! I never did such a thing in all my life ! (*Aloud*.) Sir, you—you are a—a—no, I cannot do it.

DOUGLAS (*to* AGNES). And so, madam, as I cannot permit anyone to remain here who has no legal right, you must leave the camp at once, and—not return.

HASTINGS (*angrily*). General Douglas, I protest !

DOUGLAS (*sternly*). Colonel Hastings ! I order you back to bed under arrest.

HASTINGS. I will not go, sir. What right have you to order my wife to leave her own house ?

DOUGLAS. Pooh ! pooh ! Don't believe a word of it. Good-evening, madam ! Orderly, the door. (*Aside, chuckling*.) Aha ! the medicine is beginning to work ! Call me an old villain, Harry, or we're lost.

ARNOLD (*hesitatingly*). You—you old—villain !

DOUGLAS (*to* ARNOLD). Ha, ha ! That's right ! Go on !

ARNOLD. Would you—turn this—this mother—and her innocent child—out of her own house to starve, with only a—a poor old man to care for them—you—you—monster !

AGNES. Ah, General, be merciful !

HASTINGS. By Heaven ! You shall stay here !

DOUGLAS (*aside*). Ha, ha ! Capital ! Come with me, Harry. If she hasn't kissed him in three minutes I'm a real villain.



## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(DOUGLAS and ARNOLD steal out L. D. HASTINGS remains silent a moment.)

HASTINGS (*appealingly*). Agnes, dear Agnes, will you not forgive the past, and once more say you love me? (*She weeps silently.*) Have you forgotten that day, dear love, four long, sad years ago, when we stood here in this very room, side by side, as we're standing now—(*he goes to her*)—and spoke together those tender words that made us man and wife? "For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part." You do not answer, dearest. Once more I lay at your feet my life, my love, my soul. Will you not take me back into your heart again, my darling?

(*During this speech he has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer to her, and as he finishes he stands looking down into her face. She glances up at him, and then throws herself sobbing on his breast.*)

AGNES. Forgive me, Allan. I love you! I love you! I love you!

HASTINGS (*kissing her*). My own precious wife! At last!

(*Enter DOUGLAS and ARNOLD, L. D.*)

DOUGLAS (*to ARNOLD*). Look there, Harry! Didn't I tell you?

ARNOLD. Yes, the war is over at last. You—you old—hard-hearted—God bless you, dear old friend! God bless everyone.

(*Enter ORDERLY, C. D.*)

DOUGLAS. Amen, Harry, amen. (*They shake hands with much emotion.*) Orderly, my compliments to Dr. Fleming, and say that the consultation in the case of Colonel Hastings is indefinitely postponed. He has disobeyed orders and got well himself.

(DOUGLAS and ARNOLD chuckle. ORDERLY salutes and exit, C. D. Music "The Blue Bells of Scotland," is heard without, played by a military band as a quickstep. At first *pp*, but gently crescendo to curtain. Enter CURTIS, R., carrying child, which looks much brighter.)

AGNES. Dick! my brother.

HASTINGS. My son!

(*One on either side of CURTIS.*)

CURTIS (*amused*). Well, which am I—brother or son?

## BETWEEN TWO FOES

(HASTINGS takes the child tenderly in his arms. AGNES in C. ; CURTIS on her L. ; HASTINGS on her R. DOUGLAS and ARNOLD on extreme L. AGNES and HASTINGS are inspecting the baby.)

CURTIS (to DOUGLAS). Yes, General, the war is over forever and forever, and the North and South are united now as they have never been united before—we are all One People.

(Enter STANLEY and KITTY, R.)

STANLEY. Well, how about us ? Yes ?

KITTY. Yes, that's the point now.

DOUGLAS (laughing). Oh, for you there will have to be a little private war, which has only just begun.

HASTINGS. And so, dear Agnes, we will begin life anew, forgetting and forgiving the past ?

AGNES. Yes, Allan, dearest. For now, like Ruth of olden time, I say again : Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest I will go ; where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

AGNES

STANLEY

HASTINGS

KITTY

DOUGLAS

CURTIS

ARNOLD

SLOW CURTAIN



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